

**THE FRANTIC RACE
TO SELL
NEW CARS**

**The Unknown Man who
bought The Globe and Mail**

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EDITORIAL

How Gulf Oil Vetoed Ottawa's Pipeline Plans

FREE ENTERPRISE got a black eye from one of its self-appointed defenders when the president of a United States oil company tried to veto the Trans-Canada Pipeline project.

This is an undertaking of some importance to Canada. It will bring Alberta's natural gas by an all-Canadian route to industrial centres of eastern Canada, incidentally providing cheap fuel for the now-empty country in between. Since the Government had stipulated this all-Canadian route instead of a more profitable one through midwestern United States, the pipeline company felt justified in asking some government help with the financing.

The company wanted a government guarantee of its bonds, at least through the early difficult period before the pipeline develops its full earning power. The Government demurred. Its financial advisers did not like the deal; they thought the Government's guarantee was out of proportion to the amount of capital that the promoters felt they could raise as their share. Maybe the Government had vivid memories of some of the guarantees given to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and the Mackenzie-Mann railways. They ended up with the government being in the railway business.

Ottawa suggested an alternative method of assistance. Let the company raise more money by sale of common stock. The promoters agreed to try to do this. The Government then agreed to underwrite some portion of an issue of debentures.

This offer was accepted by the pipeline company. It wasn't quite what they had hoped for, but it was good enough. From the taxpayer's point of view it was equally fair—if his money were to be ventured, at least he stood a reasonable chance of getting it back with a premium. The last obstacle to the pipeline seemed to have been surmounted.

Then, unexpectedly, the whole deal fell through. Gulf Oil Company was a major supplier of the gas which was to be the pipeline's stock in trade. When the president of Gulf heard about the arrangement to be made with the Government, he refused to sell any gas to the pipeline company. Thus left with no goods to offer its customers, the pipeline firm had to cancel or at any rate postpone all its plans.

Gulf Oil Company saw nothing wrong with using taxpayers' money to absorb any losses a private firm might incur. But when it was suggested that the taxpayer might also be cut in on a share of the possible gains, that was "socialism."

We thought this kind of thinking had died with President McKinley. Apparently it hasn't—not in all parts of North America, anyway. And this, in turn, makes us wonder if there isn't some way we could stop importing it.

Capital and skill from companies like Gulf have given tremendous stimulus to the development of Canada's natural resources. We couldn't possibly have grown so fast without them. But we think the president of Gulf did more harm than good to private enterprise on this occasion.

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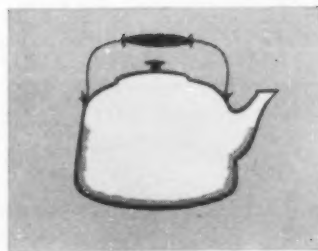
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For better engine performance this summer HAVE YOUR RADIATOR DRAINED AND FLUSHED CLEAN NOW!



The kitchen kettle accumulates a thick insulating layer of scale, making it very difficult for heat to reach the water inside. Your engine's cooling system builds up deposits too, which prevent the water inside from carrying off as much engine heat as it should.

HERE'S WHY . . . No matter what type of antifreeze you used this past winter, your car radiator now needs a thorough spring cleaning! Unfortunately, many motorists don't realize that winter's residue in the entire cooling system can be as harmful as dirty winter oil in the crankcase. It's important to drain and clean your car's cooling system *now*!

In hot weather your engine will be undergoing a great additional strain. Soaring summer temperatures make your cooling system work much harder than in any other season. That's why motorists traditionally get their cars ready for summer with a spring check-up. This year, make sure that it includes a thorough draining and flushing of the cooling system.

You've seen how your kitchen kettle collects a thick inner layer of scale, reducing the transfer of heat. An automobile's cooling system collects inner deposits too, preventing the water from carrying off heat as

efficiently as it should. And the tremendous heat generated by modern high compression engines makes the cooling system more important than ever before — especially during hot summer weather.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



In Bed With A Cold

I AM writing this in bed and in broad daylight. But I am prepared to sign an affidavit that I am of sound mind even if physically I am something between a barking dog and Vesuvius in eruption.

Mark Twain did nearly all his writing in bed, which was very wise. It is comfortable, there need be few interruptions, the telephone keeps you in touch with the outside world, the newspapers reveal each day how much your shares have depreciated, and the radio reveals how close we have drawn to the next war.

If you live in England it is a great mistake ever to leave it. That is the lesson I have learned and forgotten a hundred times. The sons of the country gentry went in 1914 to the trenches and, as far as comfort was concerned, hardly noticed the difference. That is not surprising. Anyone who has been brought up in a real British country house can endure anything.

Actually it was in such a dwelling some years ago in Scotland that on a winter morning I was reading a letter in the hall when a gust of air blew it out of my hand and I had to climb two flights of stairs to recover it. No wonder the British became great explorers. It is both a historic and understandable fact that the first instinct of the Britisher is to get off the island.

Of course some of the better-off British, especially now that the currency problem is not quite so acute, rush for health purposes in the winter to the south of France. They play in the casino until the first streaks of dawn appear when they promptly go home to their hotels and sleep until cocktail hour. Thus do they avoid the sun and its evil effects. Others, younger and more reckless, risk the rays of the sun while skiing in Switzerland or Austria but there is always a sporting chance of a broken leg to keep you indoors and away from the deadly rays of the god of the skies.

All this is a preamble to the confession that last winter—that is this winter of 1954-55—my wife and I scientifically planned our holiday for the maximum of change and the certainty of warm sun. We went to the Bahamas for the best part of three weeks and lived like children of nature. For hours each day the sun beat upon our bodies.

Not only that, we visited Toronto—the Queen City—and felt the crystal winter sun casting its warmth upon the just and unjust, on Eaton's and Simpson's. The Toronto sun shone well and truly each day and we—that is my wife and I—felt that we were storing up inner strength against the rigors of the fag end of the British winter when we returned.

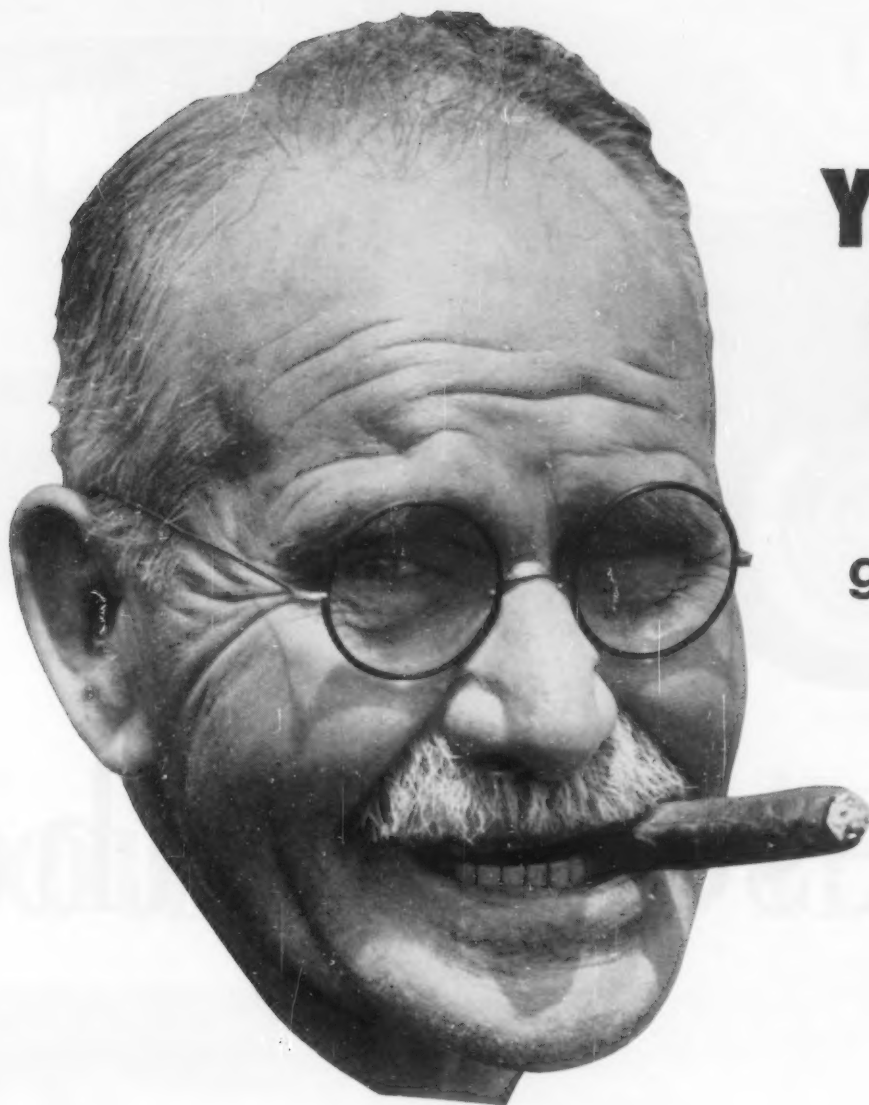
When I reappeared at the House of Commons early in February my friends looked at me and asked about the Mau Mau. They knew from my appearance that I had been to Africa.

Then something, not very much, happened. Suddenly, to our surprise, enough snow fell on England's

Continued on page 60



Mark Twain did his writing in bed. Here's our Bax trying the same system.



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guaranteed income!

If you are thirty-five now, chances are you'll retire at sixty-five—and you may live to be eighty or more. That means at least *fifteen years of retirement*. That can be a very long time—if you have been thoughtless about providing for your old age! BUT . . . those fifteen years *can* be among the happiest of your entire life, years marked with the tranquility that complete independence and freedom from financial worries can bring.

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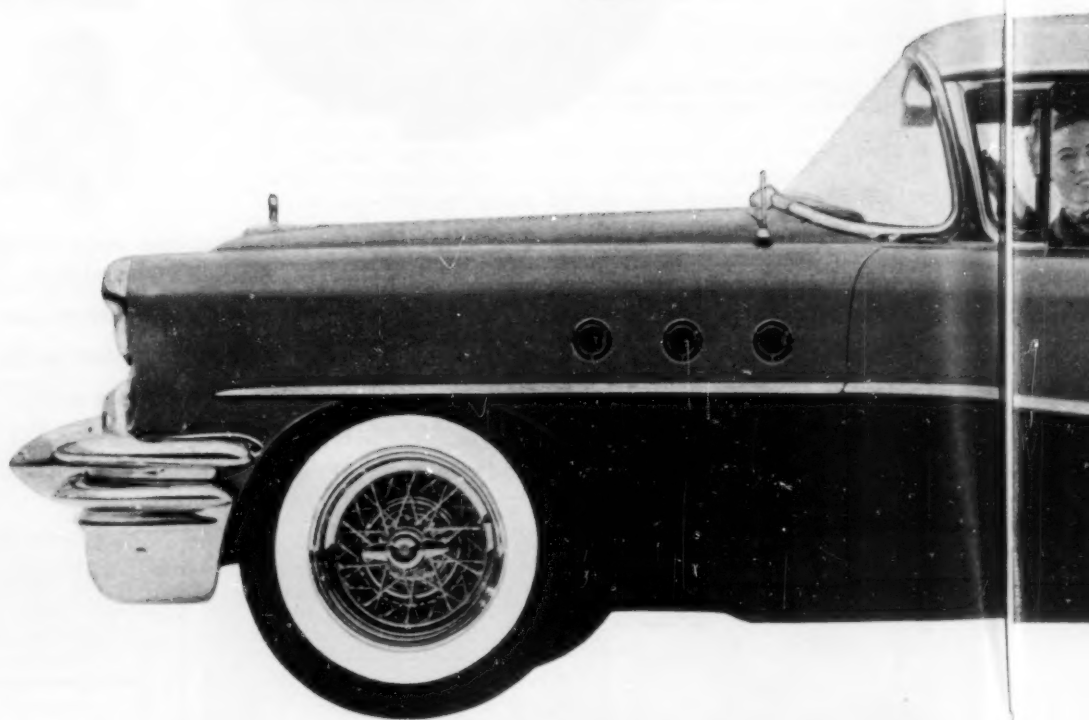
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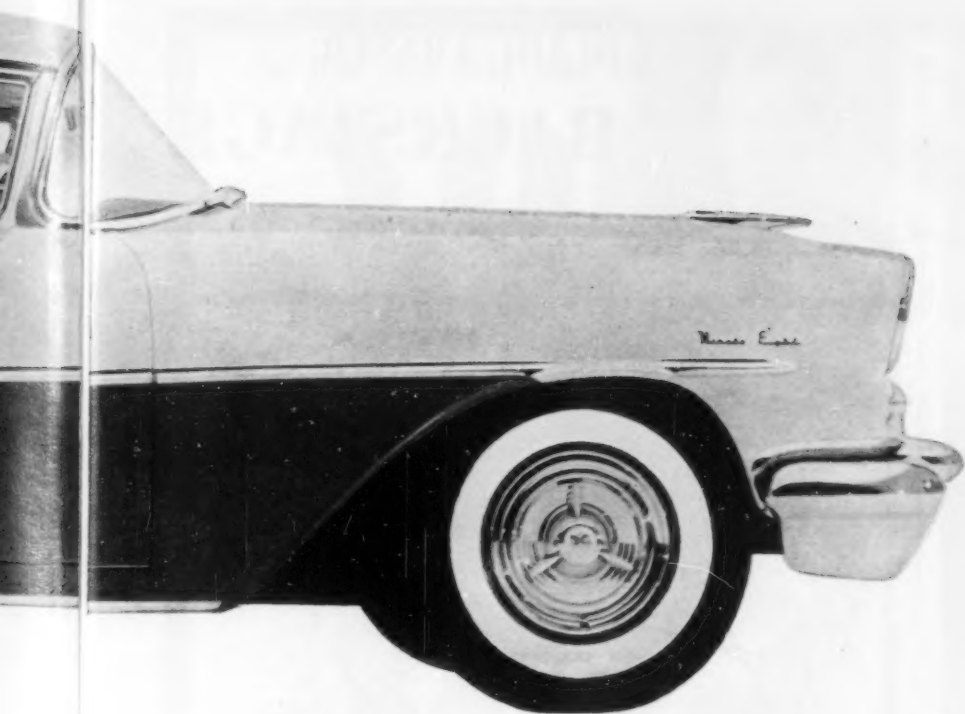


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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, APRIL 30, 1955



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When GM first introduced the two-door hardtop, with its sports-flair styling, it started a completely fresh—and immensely popular—trend in automotive design.

Now—all of the comfort, roominess and easy access of four-door design is yours to enjoy with the glamour of hardtop styling. There are no door posts to block your view. And—like all other GM advances—in design as well as engineering—your key to greater value is the key to a General Motors car.

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the development is given to scientists Dr. C. H. Goulden and Dr. R. F. Peterson, cerealists at the Federal Department of Agriculture's laboratory at the University of Manitoba. Selkirk wheat helps keep Canada the greatest wheat country in the world!

Wawanesa Mutual too is a notable Canadian achievement... 59 years ago 20 farmers in the Wawanesa, Manitoba area formed a mutual insurance company... today Wawanesa protects the property of more Canadians than any other company.



The **Wawanesa**
Mutual Insurance Company



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



Who guards the freedom of worship?

FREEDOM of worship comes up again before the Supreme Court of Canada at the court session which opens April 26. The Supreme Court will be asked to decide whether provincial policemen have the right to enter a man's home without a warrant to break up by force a religious service being held there. In deciding this, the Supreme Court may also give another judgment on a vital but still unsettled constitutional issue:

What government has authority over civil liberties in Canada? Is it the federal or the provincial?

Are the freedoms of worship, expression and association common rights of all Canadian citizens, guaranteed by the preamble of the British North America Act, and not to be restricted by any lesser authority than the parliament of all Canada? Or are they to be lumped in with "property and civil rights in the province," provincial matters subject to the authority of each of the ten legislatures, so that a Canadian's liberty may vary from province to province?

So far the Supreme Court's answers to these questions are ambiguous, because the point is one on which individual Supreme Court judges have differed radically.

IN THE PRESENT CASE the facts are not in dispute. Both sides agree that on Sept. 4, 1949, Esmier Chaput held a meeting of thirty-eight persons in his home at Chapeau, Que., a village just across the Ottawa River from Pembroke, Ont. Chaput is a minister of the Jehovah's Witnesses sect and the meeting was to hear a sermon by a visiting minister, F. A. Gotthold, of Ottawa.

On the day of the meeting the Roman Catholic parish priest of Chapeau, Father Harrington, called the Quebec Provincial Police to protest against the meeting. The Provincial Police officer in Chapeau, Constable Chartrand, called his superior officer in Montreal and reported the priest's complaint. He was told to get two other provincial policemen from nearby villages, Constables Romain and Young, and stop the Jehovah's Witnesses' meeting.

The meeting began at two in the afternoon, and the three constables arrived at 2.40. They stood for a minute or two listening to Mr. Gotthold preaching and reading from the Bible, though they testified later that they didn't listen to what he was saying. All three officers stated under oath that the meeting was entirely peaceful and quiet, with no disturbance or threat thereof.

After a brief pause Constable Chartrand said, "I'm sorry, but I'll have to break up this meeting."

Mr. Gotthold, the minister, asked, "Am I under arrest?"

"No," said the constable.

"Then I shall keep on preaching until I am arrested," the minister rejoined, and he did so.

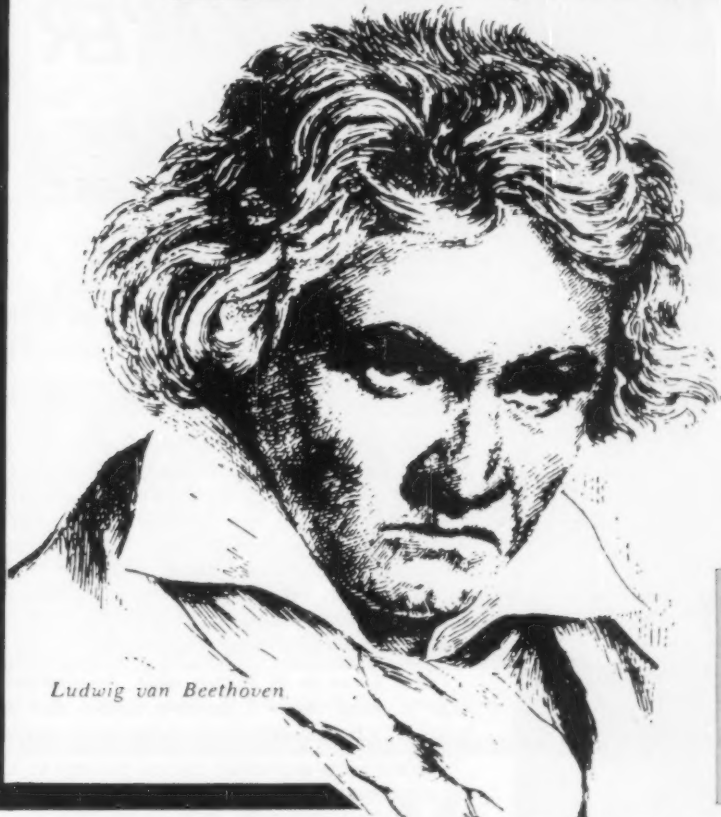
The constables hustled the thirty-eight members of the congregation out of the house, then confiscated the books, pamphlets and other such objects in the room. Finally they came up to Mr. Gotthold, who was still reading from the Bible; they took his Bible away from him by force, and by force escorted him out of the house and into a Provincial Police car. They drove him to the river, put him on the ferry for Pembroke, and told him not to come back.

"I'm sorry, Continued on page 83

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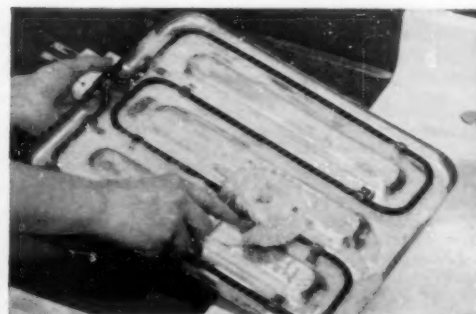
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it cooks 10 lb. roast,
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... all at once!*

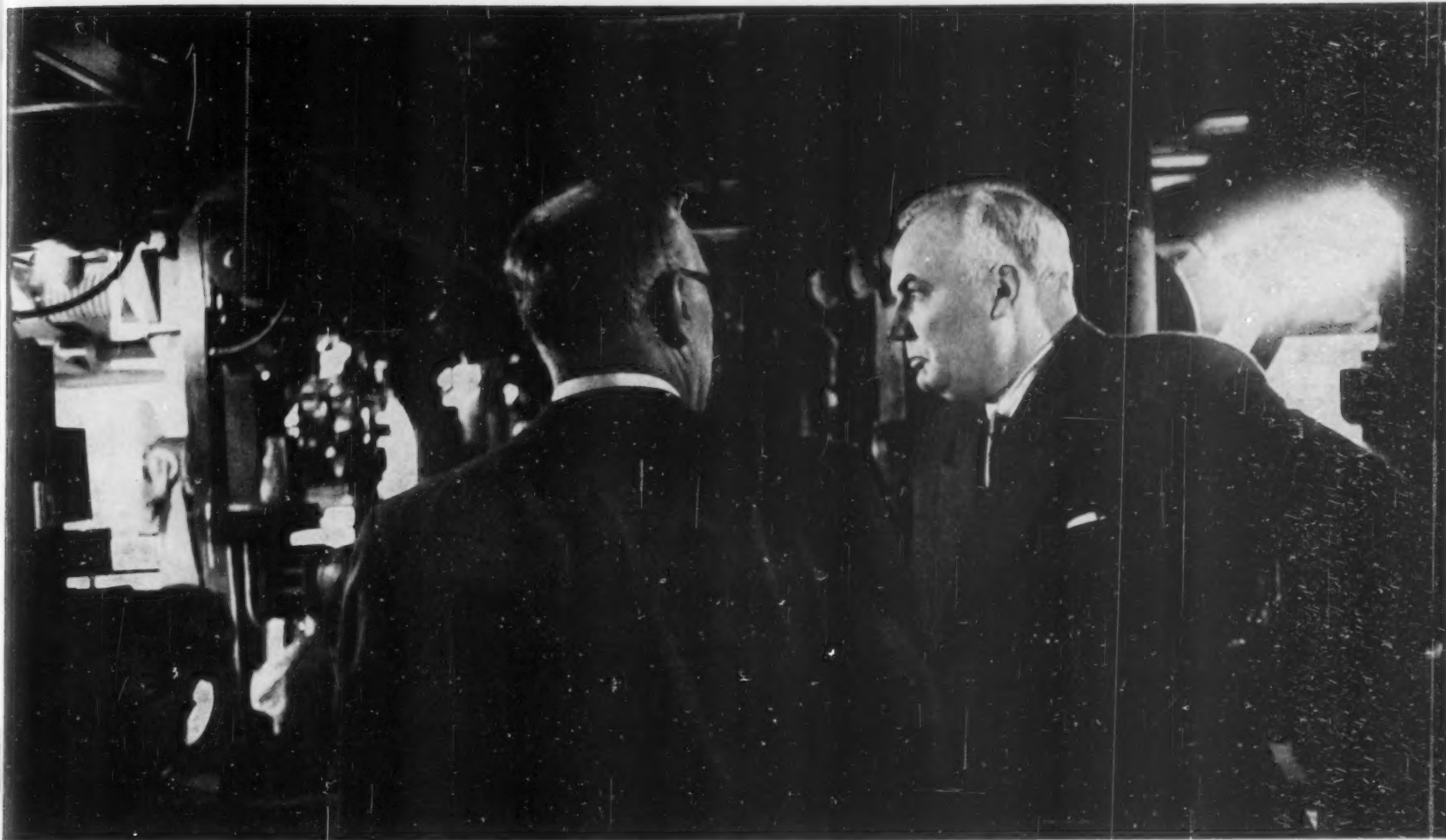
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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED



Hefty Howard Webster (right) tours his new property with publisher Harry Kimber. His bid for the paper was lodged forty-five minutes before deadline.

The Unknown Man who bought The Globe and Mail

"Who's R. Howard Webster?" asked the staff when an obscure Montrealer paid more than ten millions for the paper. Here's the background story of the publicity-shy bachelor who manages a massive family fortune and has a finger in a whole row of juicy pies from Chicoutimi to San Diego

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

WHEN the Toronto Globe and Mail was put up for sale to the highest bidder last January 3 a ripple of excitement spread through the stratosphere in which the barons of high finance plot, dicker and battle. The Globe, biggest morning newspaper in Canada, is a rare prize. For a hundred and eleven years its voice has been heard, though not always heeded, in the settlement of national issues. On occasion it has helped to make and unmake governments. The man who bought the Globe this year would be acquiring one of Canada's oldest institutions and one of its most solid business properties.

For six weeks, mysterious delegations poked

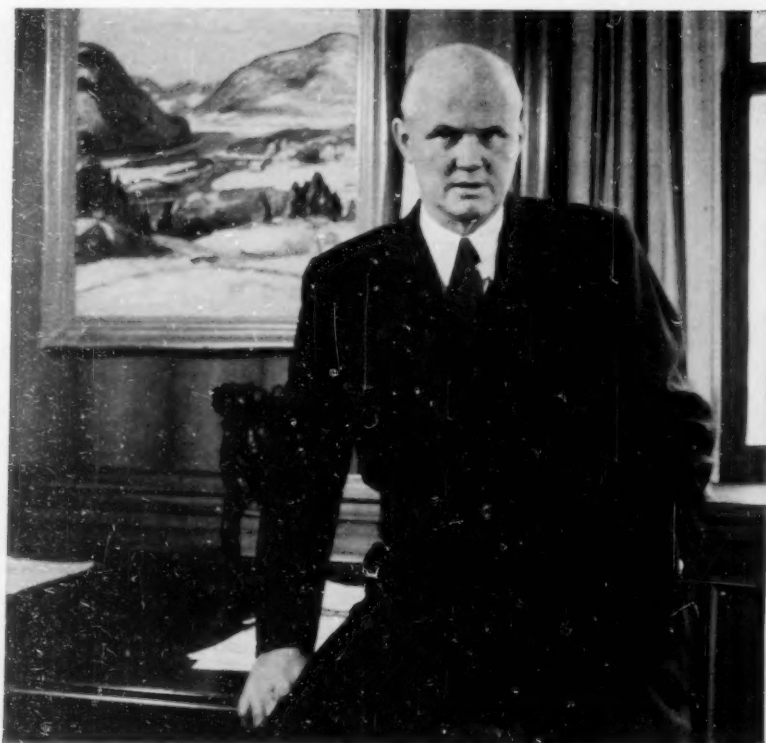
through the steel-trimmed concrete Globe building, sizing up the plant and its human assets. "The most courteous citizens on downtown streets these days," wrote Toronto Telegram columnist Stan Helleur, "are Globe and Mail employees. They never know when they might be passing their new boss." After one inspection tour by prospective buyers, Globe columnist Bruce West remarked—and only half jokingly—"I thought they were going to look at my teeth."

Beneath the jokes and the betting on the outcome

there was tension in the newsroom of the Globe as the paper's four trustees met on Feb. 12 to open the envelopes containing the bids. For reporters of one of Canada's best-informed newspapers, men who can often guess the prime minister's next move, it was peculiarly frustrating not to have the slightest hint who their new boss would be.

At 7.30 that evening the phone on the news desk rang. It was editor-in-chief Oakley Dalgleish. He told acting news editor Fred Egan that Henry Langford, manager of the Chartered Trust Company and a Globe trustee, had just called with the name of the paper's new owner. Egan hurried across the newsroom to tell veteran reporter Ken MacTaggart.

Continued on next two pages •••▶



Colin: Fuel

The eldest son runs the business his father started. The painting is his own.



Stuart: Stevedoring

His St. Lawrence Stevedoring Co. ships coal for Colin's Canadian Import Co.

Sparked by Howard's financial wizardry, the five Webster brothers mushroomed the fur

THE UNKNOWN MAN WHO BOUGHT THE GLOBE AND MAIL

CONTINUED

MacTaggart looked up blankly. "R. Howard Webster?" he repeated. "Who is R. Howard Webster?"

This question was repeated, with embellishments, in a great many city newsrooms during the next hour. By getting the assets of the *Globe* for—at best guess—\$10,300,000, Webster had pulled off one of the biggest newspaper deals in history. He had outbid such contenders as E. P. Taylor, whose hobby is collecting large corporations; British publisher Lord Rothermere; multimillionaire U. S. publisher William Loeb; multimillionaire Canadian publisher Roy Thomson; Max Bell, Calgary newspaper owner and oilman; and Jack Kent Cooke, magazine publisher and owner of the Toronto Maple Leaf Baseball Club. Yet Webster was not in *Who's Who*, Canadian or American. There were no Canadian newspaper stories about him. Stockbrokers and financial editors in his home town of Montreal knew little more than his name.

The reason he wasn't better known was soon clear to reporters and photographers who called at his home that night. They were turned away without either pictures or interviews. When his own new editor, Oakley Dalgleish, asked Webster for a photograph, he said he'd never had a studio portrait taken.

Dalgleish suggested that *Globe* news editor Eddie Phelan, who happened to be in Montreal at the time, drop out to see him.

"There's nothing to say," Webster parried. "I've just bought a paper, that's all."

Reporters could find little to say about Webster except that he was a forty-five-year-old bachelor who lived in a thirty-five-room mansion in Montreal's fashionable suburb of Westmount. From the *Directory of Directors* they obtained the



Lorne Webster: The Senator

in the Twenties he made a million a year but he made his sons work for their keep.

information that he sat on the boards of ten companies. He had four brothers and one sister—and there wasn't very much more.

"Mr. Webster's personal history and even his school years," the *Toronto Daily Star* observed, "are clouded in what would seem to be the same self-imposed obscurity that marks his later life."

The newspapermen then turned their attention to Webster's father, for the statement from the *Globe* trustees had begun promisingly: "The executors are pleased that the successful bidder is a member of such a well-known Canadian family."

In a very short time legmen made the discovery that if Webster's father, the late Senator Lorne C. Webster, was well known, it must have been in a very limited circle. The *Star*, which covered the story most diligently, noted that Lorne Web-

ster gave great sums to church and charity "without fanfare or publicity." At forty he "quietly" turned Conservative when the Liberals plumped for a mutual lowering of tariffs with the U. S. Sir Robert Borden rewarded him in 1920 by making him his second-last appointee to the Senate.

In one of his more talkative parliamentary sessions Senator Webster interjected five words into a debate—to correct a sum a speaker had misquoted. He made his money, the *Star* continued, "so quietly that old friends were startled to learn of the extent of his wealth." The Senator, remarked the *Star*, "had a passion for doing things quietly."

One deal of the Senator's, nevertheless, blew up a hullabaloo that is remembered. In 1926 he bought the Montreal Water and Power Company, which supplied Montreal's water, for nine million dollars and two years later resold it to the city for nearly fifteen millions.

Lorne Webster, who started as a clerk in his Scottish father's small Quebec City coal yard, is reputed to have had an income of more than a million dollars a year in the late 1920s. His interests included coal, steel, sugar, furs, insurance, railways and steamships. He had a virtual monopoly on the sale of British coal in Canada—so much so that in 1933 his coal companies were fined thirty thousand dollars by the Combines Investigation Commission for "lessening competition unduly." This judgment was a bitter blow to the Senator, who prided himself on his integrity.

Some of his deals had been made in partnership with Sir Herbert Holt, another closemouthed giant of Canadian finance. In 1941 they died and were buried within a few hours of each other, leaving the business elite of St. James Street with a momentous problem: which financier's funeral should they be seen at?

What few realized then, but what is obvious now, is that Webster brought up his children and drafted his will to assure that he would achieve a sort of immortality. His influence is still very much alive.



Richard: Tankers

He watches the Websters' oil-tanker interests and coal sales in Quebec City.



Eric: Hardware

He sells mining and mill supplies too. Like Stuart he enjoys gentleman farming.

and fuel empire their father left into a private trust that virtually blankets North America

Consequently any story of Howard Webster and the money he manipulates must view him against his family background.

Senator Webster's six children were reared with rigorous morality, and did not smoke or drink until they were twenty-one. Sunday school and church were compulsory. They had to account for every penny of spending money, and in their later teens the boys toiled on the coal-handling wharfs in summer. "If I worked overtime," Howard Webster recalls, "I could make about twenty dollars a week."

The Senator had been kindly but firm. When his fourth son, Richard, wanted to be a doctor, the Senator threatened to cut off his inheritance. Richard, who also wanted to get married, fulfilled this latter ambition more speedily by following Colin, Stuart, and Howard into the family businesses.

The key to the Senator's character is contained in his will, a remarkable document. He left his fortune to be divided equally among his six children (except for an extra \$200,000 to Colin, the eldest). They didn't come into their full estate until they were forty, by which time the Senator evidently assumed that youth's flightier fancies would have faded. No husband or wife of any heir could share the fortune, and any Webster who brought disgrace on the name or disputed the will could be cut off without a nickel.

Twenty percent of each share was to be pooled in a family trust fund. The Senator urged his sons to enter the family businesses and "continue same," never let their shares go out of the family, and hold regular family councils of war. Point by point, his will laid down the future pattern of their lives. Article II contains its essence:

"I commend my soul to Almighty God and urge all my children to be active followers of Jesus Christ. It is also my earnest desire and request that my children shall continue actively interested in church, religious and charitable works and that they make generous

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Howard: Management

He runs the Imperial Trust, which invests the family's joint funds. But the Globe is just for himself.



Leslie Bell and his singers in Showtime, a CBC variety program. Bell bowed out when the singers became dancers and he was made to act.

Why I'm out of TV



BY DR. LESLIE BELL

Television's giving the jitters to the viewers, as well as the performers, says this famous choir leader. It's also robbing us of fine musical programs. Why can't we all just relax?

A YEAR AGO I walked out of a TV studio in Toronto after a performance by the group of girl singers that I conduct. Up until that time I had appeared regularly on Canadian TV every week for almost two years. Except for two or three brief visits, I haven't been back since.

Whether I'll ever return to regular TV work will depend, I suppose, on whether I'm asked to. But it will also depend, as far as I'm concerned, on what the future of television is likely to be.

Up to the end of 1948 I held a professorship in music education at the Ontario College of Education. It was one of the best positions of its kind in Ontario and carried with it a substantial retirement pension. I left it for commercial music because by that time my choral group, the Leslie Bell Singers, had developed a great popularity in both Canada and the U. S. and was receiving attractive bids from radio sponsors and recording firms.

In many ways it was a good move. For six years the Bell Singers' radio show, sponsored by Canadian General Electric, enjoyed a top listener rating. Recording contracts came in and the demands for public appearances far exceeded our ability to fill them. The Bell Singers, we were told, had become a Canadian institution.

We were also told that these triumphs were nothing compared with what lay ahead in television. Naturally we looked forward eagerly to October 1952 when the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, with the blessings of our same sponsor, first turned its cameras on us. For the next two years we were associated with Showtime, a variety program that is one of the biggest productions on Canadian networks. It worked on a weekly budget, I believe, of more than seven thousand dollars. Up until the time I left it, this TV show had a reasonable viewers' rating. I don't suppose

this rating has been impaired by my going. Indeed, I understand the program is now doing well. I certainly hope so.

Why should I leave TV when practically every other artist is trying to get into it? The story is a bit complicated but I think it's worth telling.

I don't say that TV is inherently bad. I believe that, with a proper approach, it could become a great boon to all of us. But TV as I knew it was not for me. I left it partly because I was not doing anything for it and partly because it was not doing anything for me. I left it because I saw how rapidly it burns up talent and how little security it offers. I left it because it was giving me the same jitters that plague everyone connected with it, from the sponsor who has to foot fantastic bills to the nervous performer in the studio and the tensed-up viewer at home. I left it because I am a musician and because the only part a musician can play in TV is second fiddle.

I might as well begin with this question of security, which looms in importance as you grow older.

Security is rare in any kind of showbusiness but in television it's practically nonexistent. TV performers, for the most part, fall into two groups—those who have been dropped and those who are going to be dropped soon. During the last year, for instance, CBC has abandoned or revamped almost twenty of its shows and is at present contemplating many changes for 1955-56. This may be good for programs but it leaves the performer wondering what game of chance he has got into.

The situation is by no means peculiar to Canada. Let's look at some of the big U. S. stars. Lucy Arnaz, whose escapades were more talked about last year than the cold war, is now hardly talked about at all. Arthur Godfrey draws more yawns every week. The great Milton Berle at one point

recently was reduced to joking about the fact that he had lost his sponsor.

Johnny Wayne, Canada's top funny man, is anything but funny when he talks about TV. "It looks as though Frank Shuster and I will be trading our weekly radio show next season for two TV appearances a month. It might appear to be easier but it isn't. I wish we could get by with one show a month. Anything more than that spells imminent death in this business." Wayne and Shuster are smart enough to follow the examples of Cantor, Durante and other American comics who are moving cautiously. But the trouble with moving cautiously and appearing once a month is that one is likely to starve to death unless he commands a Cantor or Durante salary. Unfortunately, Canadians are not paid that kind of money.

Why is the mortality rate of TV performers so much greater than that of radio stars? Why was Edgar Bergen able to sit comfortably behind a microphone for almost twenty years, whereas Eddie Mayhoff, the "go-go-go" man of *That's My Boy*, lasted less than two seasons? Mayhoff was far funnier than Bergen, to my way of thinking.

The other night I sat watching my favorite TV show, *What's My Line?* My wife turned to me and remarked, "You know, this show isn't as good as it used to be."

"It's just as good as it ever was," I said. "You just can't stand looking at that same panel even once a week."

One Tuesday evening on a variety show, a guest artist appeared who gave an impersonation of a small-town businessman. I thought it the funniest thing I had ever seen. For two days I rushed about trying to find out the man's name. On Friday, he showed up on another show in the same act. His name didn't matter any more. I turned off the set.

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Time-study expert Don Gilliaty clocks '55 models off the Ford assembly line at Oakville, Ont. Canadian factories are rushing out ten thousand cars a week.

The Race to Sell New Cars

The car market has been turned topsy-turvy by the hottest competition since the horseless carriage replaced the buggy. What exactly does it all mean to the man who drives a car?

BY DAVID MacDONALD

RECENTLY in Ottawa members of the local Advertising and Sales Club, a fraternity of men who normally take their craft seriously, poked fun at one of the biggest, richest, most powerful and glittering of all industries—the automobile business.

In a skit titled "The New-Car Salesman—Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," they took three glimpses into a car dealer's office. The first scene, Yesterday, laid in 1948 when new cars were scarce, showed a would-be buyer, cash in one hand, gifts of liquor and cigars for the dealer in the other, tearfully pleading for the chance to buy a car—"at any price." The dealer finally allows that while he himself has no new car on hand, by the sheerest of coincidences his dear old mother only yesterday acquired just the model and color the buyer yearns for and might be persuaded to part with it for, say, five hundred dollars extra.

The second scene, Today, reversed the roles. The dealer was now pouring the drinks, the buyer sitting back chortling, "The Chevy man down the street will knock off five hundred, send my kids to camp for the summer and throw in his golf clubs. What's your offer?"

The final scene, Tomorrow, was much the same.

But this time the dealer was saying, "Now, how about a car for your wife and your mother-in-law? I can give you three for the price of two." End of drama.

By no coincidence, the club's guest of honor on the day of these theatrics was Denis C. Gaskin, president of Studebaker-Packard of Canada Limited, which manufactures cars. "It was a farce!" he said later, "but the hell of it was—it was all so true."

Gaskin's remarks underlined the biggest new development in the auto business—bigger than Turbo-Fire V-8, Glide-Ride or three-tone styling—the news that the buyer is back in the driver's seat and the hottest sales race in recent auto history is on for his dollar.

This race has been marked by some of the gaudiest come-on advertising in decades. Salesmen have dangled mink stoles, free television sets, old airplanes and fat cash discounts in front of wary buyers. The first new 1955 Ford was hardly off the assembly line before some dealers had slashed the manufacturer's "suggested price" from \$2,200 to

\$1,775. One Toronto dealer pulled the ultimate in sales gimmicks from his hat in March when he offered cars tax free. "Why wait for the budget?" his ads screamed.

And in recent weeks, as if to confirm the facetious prediction of the Ottawa Ad and Sales men, Ford has been advertising in the U. S., "A test-drive will prove that you can't buy better than two '55 Fords."

There are two reasons why Canadians are being implored more than ever to buy more new cars. One is that since last spring, for the first time since World War II, the supply of autos rolling from the nation's assembly lines has outstripped the demand. Now, buyers—not cars—are at a premium. The second is that the two largest manufacturers, General Motors and Ford, are locked in an all-out battle for supremacy, especially in the low-priced car field, and more cars, not fewer, are being made this year, for every manufacturer has joined the race.

As a result the country has gone car-crazy. Canadians can now get a car for far less money than they've been used to paying since 1941. It seems likely, if the manufacturers and dealers have their way, that Canadians will soon be driving more cars than ever before. As for the auto business, it's

New cars await sales. Manufacturers hope to sell a car to every fourth Canadian.





Used-car lots offer brand-new models at cut prices. They buy from dealers desperate to boost their sales.



Hundreds of dollars are slashed from list prices.



Showrooms compete to display biggest bargains.

been turned topsy-turvy by the sales race. Dealers, pressured by manufacturers into taking more cars than they feel they can get rid of, are selling blocks of them to used-car dealers at practically no profit. A new kind of supermarket seems to be emerging and it may be that in the future huge car lots will sell autos as chain stores sell groceries—in large quantities at a low profit.

Meanwhile, with new cars streaming from Canadian assembly lines at the rate of ten thousand a week, 1955 shapes up as the year of the greatest sales battle in motor history. North American automakers have spent an unprecedented 1.3 billion dollars on 1955 model changes and all are determined to hold or increase their slice of the market.

Chrysler of Canada has served notice that it intends to capture twenty-seven percent of Canadian auto sales—or almost double what it had in 1954.

General Motors expects to increase its share of the market from forty-five percent to a whopping fifty.

Ford, striving to overtake GM, is out to boost its percentage from thirty-four to forty.

The so-called "independents"—Studebaker-Packard, American Motors (Nash-Hudson) and Kaiser-Willys—forced into mergers by the stiffening competition—are intent on holding on to the scanty five percent of the market they had last year.

All these figures add up to 122 percent. This means that somebody's going to lose out. But nobody's acting like a loser. In the first two months of this year GM increased its Canadian car production by fifteen percent and Chrysler by a fat seventy-eight percent. (Ford, strike-bound until Jan. 30, was a slow starter and can't be figured in these early comparisons.) Last year Canadians bought 287,000 North American-style cars, a fifteen-percent drop from 1953. This year the industry is out to raise the figure to 320,000.

As each year goes by the automobile takes an increasingly important place in Canadian life. In 1953 we spent more on our cars (\$2.8 billions) than we did on shelter (\$1.9 billions) or clothing (\$1.8 billions). And although our total food purchases exceed our auto purchases

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With fanfare and gimmicks, dealers lure cagey buyers to their lots

100 NEW '55 CHEV'S TAX FREE!

WHY WAIT FOR THE BUDGET?
ALL TAXES OFF!
THIS IS A GENUINE OFFER
DEL BODKIN MOTORS LTD.
OFFER ALL MODELS, COLORS, SIZES, EIGHTS
ALL ON DISPLAY IN OUR HUGE OUTDOOR SHOWROOM
LOOK AT THESE SAVINGS...

1955 CHEVROLET	1954	1955	1956
2-Door Sedan	1299	1299	1299
4-Door Sedan	1499	1499	1499
2-Door Sedan	1699	1699	1699
4-Door Sedan	1899	1899	1899
2-Door Sedan	2099	2099	2099
4-Door Sedan	2299	2299	2299

When buyers were slow, this dealer cut taxes.

CLEARANCE

MAN, ARE WE UP A TREE!
Read the bare facts
Elgin Motors
MUST CLEAR
100
NEW '54 MONARCHS

With new cars on the road older models have to go.

NOBODY UNDERSOLLS MR. WOOD—MR. LARKIN

THE NEWEST BIG-VOLUME FORD DEALERS IN TORONTO

BRAND NEW 1955

FORDS
\$1775
GAS, HEATER AND LICENSE EXTRA

Down Payment (or trade) as low as **\$175**

with monthly payments as low as only **\$55**

NOTE TO OUR THOUSANDS OF CUSTOMERS: For Your Convenience We are Starting a Night Repair Service 10:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. Beginning March 1st.

Wood-Larkin Limited
FORD AND MONARCH DEALERS
2401 Dufferin St.
Just 2 Blocks North of Eglinton & Vaughan

...CELEBRATE CROSS-TOWN MOTOR SALES 9th ANNIVERSARY...

Who Stole Her Heart Away?
CROSS-TOWN MOTORS
by Giving a
LUXURIOUS MINK STOLE FREE
WITH EVERY NEW PONTIAC OR BUICK PURCHASED DURING THEIR ONE-WEEK 9th ANNIVERSARY SALE!
WITH OR WITHOUT TRADE-IN

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!
ONLY 50 PONTIACS And 15 BUICKS
Available On This Offer
COMPLETE RANGE OF ALL SERIES BODY STYLES AND COLORS!
THESE CARS ARE EQUIPPED WITH HEATERS ONLY

Never before has there been an offer like this! Imagine! A natural wild Mink Stole free with every new Pontiac or Buick purchased during our 9th Anniversary sale. Furthermore, the stole is made to your individual order and you may choose from several styles. But you have to hurry—there are only 50 Buicks and 50 Pontiacs available with this offer. So come in right now! Choose the car of your desire and the mink stole you've always wanted.

NOTE THESE EXCEPTIONAL FEATURES:
* Convenient GMAC Time Payment Plan. Up to 36 months to pay. Lowest down payment and lowest finance charges.
* Immediate delivery—within a half hour of your purchase.
* Trade-in allowance on your present car.

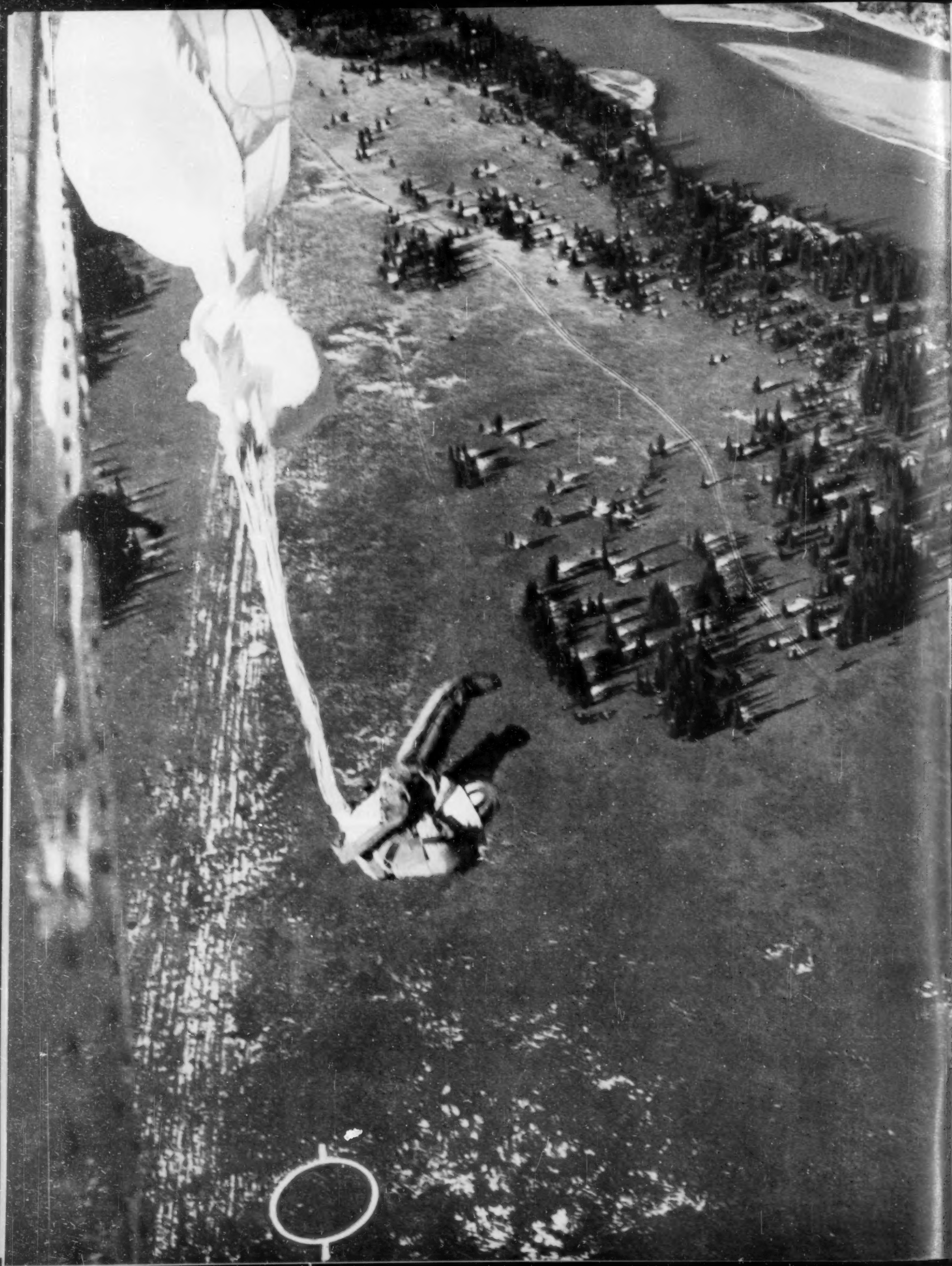
SALE STARTS 9 a.m. Monday Sept. 20th and ENDS 9 p.m. Saturday Sept. 25th
In the New Year, We Have Opened to Business
30,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS HAVE SPENT OVER \$30,000,000 BUYING OUR PRODUCTS

CROSS-TOWN MOTOR SALES LIMITED
1270 BATHURST STREET — PHONE LOMBARD 2142
PONTIAC — BUICK — PONTIAC — GMC TRUCKS

...CELEBRATE CROSS-TOWN MOTOR SALES 9th ANNIVERSARY...

Mink stoles and door prizes are used to lure customers. One dealer offered old planes to buyers who could fly.

Credit terms are tailored to suit customers in the buyers' paradise.





Para-nurse F/O Marion Macdonald talks over plans for a flight with jump master Sgt. Warren Dawson.



Taking a short cut through the Winnipeg RCAF hangar, she dons the padded jacket of her jump suit.



With crash helmet and mask she boards the plane.

Below: that agonizing final second. Left: the jump.



The Blonde who Leaps from the Clouds

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTO STORY BY MIKE KESTERTON

When the stranded Yankee pilot saw a beautiful woman floating down from the sky into the northern bush he knew everything was okay. The RCAF wouldn't pull that sort of stunt unless it was pretty certain the lady could be retrieved

ON A midwinter morning a couple of months ago a pretty girl stood in the open door of an RCAF Dakota circling fifteen hundred feet above northern Saskatchewan bush. Below, in a territory that has been described as the most desolate in the world, lay a survivor of a U. S. Army stratojet bomber that had exploded in mid-air. He was reported to be wearing a summer flying suit, designed for his destination in California, and the temperature was twenty below zero.

The woman watched the wheeling earth, keeping back from the lash of the slip stream past the open door. She crouched a little, waited, and at a touch on her shoulder jumped into space.

This represented the forty-third parachute jump Marion Macdonald has made for the Royal Canadian Air Force, a total that probably establishes a record for a woman in Canada. Marion is one of four women the RCAF calls a para-nurse, a regularly enlisted graduate nurse who has been taught to parachute into forests, fields or mountains under any weather conditions to care for injured survivors of an aircraft disaster until they can be moved. She is part of the air force's search-and-rescue division, which has six hundred men standing by at six centres in Canada. Only about fifty of the men and four of the women nurses are trained to drop by parachute. They are among the most adventurous lifesavers in the world; several have been decorated in the twelve years that para-rescue squads have been operating.

Marion Macdonald is a twenty-nine-year-old, green-eyed tawny blonde who wears her long hair in a pony tail, has a curious faith in fortune tellers and is afraid only of heights. It baffles her friends, who knew she was too frightened to climb a ladder, to learn that she jumps blithely from airplanes a thousand

feet in the sky. "It's different," she keeps explaining, waving her hands helplessly. "There's no sensation of height in an airplane. Don't look at me that way. There *isn't*!"

Flying Officer Macdonald is as unaffectedly friendly as a three-year-old. She is also stirred by a deep-rooted, old-fashioned patriotism. She has enlisted in the RCAF twice, the first time simply because she was eighteen and Canada was at war and the second time because she was a trained nurse and thought she would be needed in Korea. She was among the first women to volunteer to be a para-nurse.

Her forty-third jump was the most dramatic of her life. The two-million-dollar, six-engined U. S. jet that crashed had been making a training flight from California to Greenland and return, non-stop. The giant aircraft, a B-47, was designed to carry the A-bomb across oceans. At 7.30 in the morning of Feb. 12, one of its engines caught fire; seconds later, while the pilot was sending a distress signal heard by the RCAF, the wing was torn away and the aircraft exploded and spun earthward.

The co-pilot, Captain Lester Epton, whom Marion was to meet a few hours later, recalls nothing of the explosion and the resultant pressure that sucked him from the plane, rupturing blood vessels in his eyeballs and tearing his helmet off. One of the three-man crew was killed by the explosion; the other two and a passenger parachuted to widely separated points. The passenger, Captain Thomas Pittman, later had his lower right leg amputated as a result of multiple fractures suffered in the explosion.

Epton opened his blood-filmed eyes five miles above the ground to find himself on his back in mid-air looking up at the monster aircraft spinning lazily directly above him. He watched



continued on next two pages ▶



She inspects her chute and packs it for her next flight. An error in folding it could be fatal.

Marion philosophically returns to her earthbound duties



Sometimes she fills in as a teacher. Here she instructs NATO trainees in artificial respiration.



She helps the RCAF pharmacist prepare drugs in the hospital.



At the morning sick parade she treats an airman's ear ailment.



The eight-bed station hospital employs one doctor, two nurses.

THE BLONDE WHO LEAPS FROM THE CLOUDS CONTINUED

in helpless fascination as the spinning motion carried it to one side and away from him.

The atmosphere five miles up is too thin to sustain life. In order to survive Epton calmly reasoned that he must resist the impulse to pull the ripcord of his parachute until he was nearer the ground. He allowed himself to fall mile after mile, unzipping his flying jacket and warming his hands against his body so that they wouldn't be too numb to use. He pumped oxygen into his lungs by "grunt" breathing, dragging in a deep breath of the thin air and grunting to force it into his lungs. This kept him on the rim of consciousness.

Around two and a half miles up, he pulled his ripcord, the chute opened and he descended more slowly in the bitter cold, swinging gently from the shroud lines. His face was covered with blood and he had no sensation at all in his nose. He was certain that his nose was gone and it took him several minutes to summon enough courage to put his hand to his face. He discovered his nose was intact. A few minutes later he dropped in deep snow and immediately pulled out a heliograph, a mirror used for signaling, and examined his face. His nose truly was there. He lay back and a half hour later listened to the metallic sound of search planes not far away.

She Jumps in Flannel Pyjamas

Back at RCAF Station Winnipeg, Marion Macdonald had been performing her regular duties as an infirmiry nurse when a telephone call at 7.50 a.m. informed her of a U. S. Army plane crash a hundred and ten miles northwest of The Pas. No parachutes had been sighted and it seemed unlikely that anyone in the three-man crew had survived. Nevertheless, ten minutes later Marion and four other para-rescue specialists, all men, were ready to leave for the search area, gambling on the hope of survivors.

For jumping, Marion—who is five foot five and weighs a hundred and twenty-three pounds—wears seventy pounds of equipment. Starting outward from her nylon underwear, she wears flannelette pyjamas, the type with cuffs at wrist and ankle, two pairs of socks, one thin and one heavy wool, a navy-blue turtle-neck sweater, her winter flying suit of dull-blue gabardine, lined with a synthetic called pylon, rubber-soled canvas boots with two wool linings and a woolen helmet that covers her hair and shows a lump behind where she tucks her pony tail.

Carrying her jump suit, crash helmet and two parachutes, Marion reported to the operations room at Stevenson Field a half hour after the B-47 had exploded. The five parachutists were divided into two jump teams and two of the men, trained in first aid and bush survival, took off in the first Dakota.

Marion and the two others waited for further information from the crash site. At ten o'clock they left for The Pas more than three hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg. There the plane refueled and they learned that the first two jumpers had already dropped to the two survivors already located. The Dakota took off for the area where the survivors had been found, while Marion and the others buckled on their jump suits.

The RCAF jump suits are white canvas, so stiffly padded in the legs, seat and sleeves that they scarcely can bend. They are two-piece, with a foot strap at the end of each pant leg like that on a child's leggings. If the jumper stiffens as he leaves the aircraft, the force of the chute opening is taken in the heelstraps and crotch of the suit, rather than in the groin. The jacket of the jump suit has a medieval stiff collar, protectively high at the back of the head and around the ears.

All RCAF jumpers wear two chutes. The one on their backs is opened automatically in two and a half seconds by a static cord connected to the inside of the aircraft. The other emergency chute, which no Canadian search-and-rescue jumper has ever had to use, is worn on the chest and opens with a handle at the left side of the harness. A knife and

scabbard, fastened to the outside of this chute, permit the jumper to hack away the loose lines of the first chute if these seem likely to get in the way of the second chute.

"We have forty seconds to work these things out before we hit the ground," Marion once explained to another nurse. "That's plenty of time."

"Forty seconds," gasped the other. "Only forty seconds if the chute doesn't open!"

"Oh no," answered Marion coolly. "That's forty seconds when it *does* open. If the chute doesn't open you still have time to open the emergency. Twenty seconds. You drop faster without a chute."

In the baggy pockets in the legs of the jump suits, each jumper carries extra socks, extra mitts, a length of nylon rope to let himself down if he is caught in a tree, an air-force cap and ammunition. Around his waist is strapped a .38 pistol as a moderate form of protection against the four-footed residents of the north. The jump helmet is leather, lined with sponge rubber, with an iron mask over the face. The helmet when issued to the para-rescue squads was black and white. In search of identity, the male jumpers painted their helmets with stripes of blue, yellow and red. Marion, naturally, chose pink for hers.

Epton, the U. S. Army co-pilot of the shattered jet, was resting in comparative comfort when he saw Marion dropping toward him. The first jumper to reach him, Cpl. Charles Cooney, had discovered that Epton had no serious injuries except frostbite and he had bundled the pilot into an RCAF sleeping bag.

The three new arrivals landed a few hundred yards from one another, while bundles of food and utensils, suspended from small orange nylon chutes, dropped around them. Immediately each jumper called to the others, "Are you all right?"

Epton turned a startled face to Cooney. "One of those voices sounded like a woman!" he sputtered.

"You bet," Cooney answered with a grin, "and a good-looking blonde, besides."

Epton later told friends that the sight of Marion Macdonald had been pretty encouraging. He reasoned that the RCAF wouldn't be dropping a beautiful woman into the bush unless it was certain she could be retrieved.

The four parachutists set to work in practical application of the techniques they had learned in a twenty-week training course. Using materials from supply packs dropped around them, they built a parachute tepee over the downed flier, started a fire and fed him some soup and tea. Marion then

gave him a sedative and while he dozed she helped the other jumpers collect wood for the fire and prepare the camp for the night. They radioed that Epton was fine; they would wait and walk out in the morning. The group had learned by radio that the other survivor, Lt.-Col. Kenneth McGrew, had been able to walk with the chutist who found him to an aircraft waiting on a lake two miles away.

Captain Pittman, the badly injured passenger, who was believed dead, was found two days later. The lifeless body of the navigator was recovered later from the wreckage of the aircraft.

That night was eerie and exciting.

"We couldn't find all the supplies that had been dropped around us," Marion said later, "so we only had two sleeping bags. We had Epton in one, on top of a rubber air mattress, and the boys gave me the other. They planned to sleep with their chutes wrapped around them."

"Epton slept like a child under the sedation I'd given him but the rest of us couldn't settle down. We sat around the fire and talked."

The four jumpers were jubilant. Jumpers run a constant risk of broken bones, but none of them had been hurt. The survivor they had been sent to rescue was in good shape and they could hear the regular drone of RCAF aircraft over their heads in the darkness to keep them from feeling abandoned. They cooked some bacon and kept tea hot while

they smoked cigarettes from the supply packs. Marion, who doesn't smoke, chewed chocolate bars instead. One of the jumpers brooded on the machinations of RCAF regulations that had caused the removal of two bottles of brandy, called *spiritus fermenti* by the quartermaster, from the medical kits. Marion brooded briefly on a problem of her own: her lipstick, which she had zippered into a pocket of her flying suit before she left Winnipeg, was a molten ruin from the heat of the fire.

Around three in the morning it was decided unanimously that Epton's frostbitten toes would make walking two miles impractical. Over the portable radio one of the chutists carried with him, a helicopter was requested; the information was relayed by the aircraft radio above them that one would arrive at noon. When dawn broke they cooked breakfast and listened to Epton's clear-headed account of his jump. He touched his nose again, still astounded that it was there. Marion examined his feet and found all the toes blistered from frostbite and one big toe sprained.

The helicopter hadn't arrived at mid-afternoon, because of some mechanical difficulties. Around three the para-rescue squad requested that a toboggan be dropped near them by parachute. They also asked that a plane wait for them at the lake two miles away. Epton was given more sedation and strapped to the toboggan. They began a hike that lasted more than two hours. Drifts were sometimes arm-pit deep and the heavy toboggan was almost beyond the strength of the weary parachutists. Marion plodded in the rear, too exhausted to think.

Mounties and trappers flown in to the nearby lake met the group almost halfway and took their turn with the para-rescue team dragging the toboggan. Epton awakened only once, was given another sleeping pill and dozed off again. An RCMP Otter waiting at the lake carried the patient and his rescuers back to The Pas. Two days later Flying Officer Marion Macdonald was back in Winnipeg's RCAF infirmary, taking temperatures and bandaging blisters, duties that form the main part of her job.

Station Winnipeg's infirmary is a wide, one-story building with an eight-bed ward at one end and space for the station's sick-parade assembly at the other. Although the station, which trains navigators and radio operators for the RCAF and for member nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, has a complement of twenty-five hundred, the eight-bed ward is usually only half full. All serious cases are sent to the Department of Veterans' Affairs

Continued on page 68



Potted plants and a pet (deodorized) skunk help enliven off-duty hours for the para-nurse



Off duty, Nurse Macdonald's uniform is sweater, jeans and slippers. She'd rather listen to her records than attend the station dances.



Her green thumb trains sweet-potato-vine tendrils to grow across the living room.



The skunk has his own room. His name is Id, in memory of a dog she called Freud.

How they'll BLOW UP Ripple Rock

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

**For decades this underwater monster
in the Strait of Georgia has been wrecking ships,
drowning sailors and thwarting all efforts to remove it.
Now they're going to cram it with high explosive and
touch off the biggest man-made bang Canada has ever heard**

SOMETIME in the summer of 1957 the biggest controlled explosion in the history of Canadian engineering will blow two knobs off British Columbia's notorious Ripple Rock, a gigantic boulder which during the last eighty years has bashed the bottom out of sixteen steamers, capsized scores of small craft and drowned more than a hundred people.

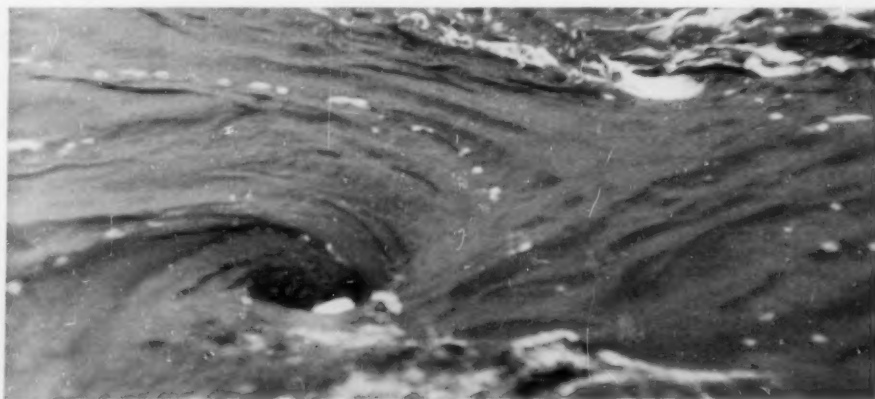
Like a chunk of granite in a logging flume Ripple Rock pokes one of its twin studs to within ten feet and the other within twenty feet of the low-water surface of Seymour Narrows, a natural bottleneck in the Strait of Georgia, that two-hundred-mile channel separating Vancouver Island from the British Columbia mainland.

Twice a day the Strait of Georgia is

invaded by Pacific tides charging in from the north through the Queen Charlotte Strait and from the south through the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The northern tide must funnel through the two-mile-long and half-mile-wide conduit formed by the steep craggy flanks of Seymour Narrows as they rise to bleak uninhabited uplands on the east coast of Vancouver Island and the west coasts of two other islands—a big one named Quadra and a little one named Maud. Compressed into this gutter, the tide reaches a velocity of seventeen miles an hour and the water level rises by as much as twelve feet.

Choking the free flow of this torrent, Ripple Rock sets up whirlpools, eddies, vertical currents, crosscurrents, combers, rapids, and almost

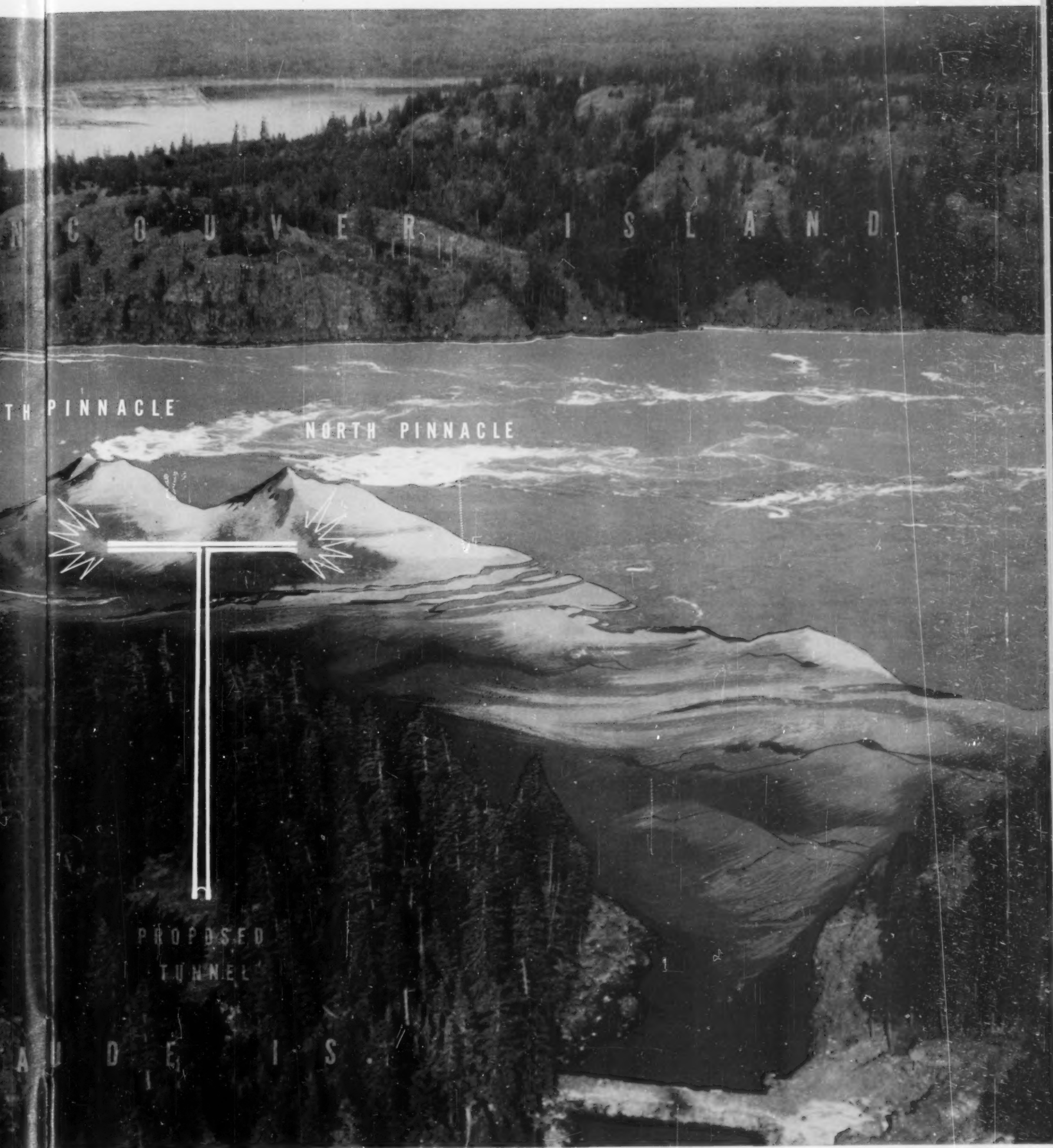
Continued on page 61



This is one of Seymour Narrows' whirlpools. In 1945 a bigger one swallowed seven men.

The underwater mountain of Ripple Rock (dark

area)



(dark area) will be pierced by the tunnel planned by government engineers. After two years' drilling, the two peaks just beneath the surface will be blown off.

When a Canadian ruled Oregon

Towering John McLoughlin from Rivière du Loup was king of Columbia
— the Oregon and Washington of today.

But he died an embittered man when the Yankee tide swamped his domain and pushed
Canada back to the Fraser to stay

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER • PART FIVE • BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

GEORGE SIMPSON, "Little Emperor" of a Hudson's Bay Company empire stretching from Montreal to the mouth of the Columbia, was born a bastard in Scotland, and in America became a prodigious amorist among Indian women, a generous father to his own halfbreed bastards, an unequalled business manager, a meticulous historian, a geopolitician of genius and a statesman who, better than any man of his time, had grasped the future of Canada and the North American continent.

He was also a shrewd, disillusioned judge of men and he wrote down his judgments by the campfire at the end of every day's travel in a secret diary, locked in a stout box. For double secrecy no name was attached to any of these dossiers but each was numbered by the writer's private code for future reference.

One of these notations, deciphered long afterward, described Dr. John McLoughlin, whom Simpson had met on a western trail some time in the 1820s, and who was to become one of the decisive figures in North American history—a figure of triumph, agony and ruin.

In Simpson's clumsy and pompous prose McLoughlin thus emerges upon the Canadian record:

He was such a figure as I should not like to meet on a dark night in one of the bye lanes in the neighborhood of London, dressed in clothes that had once been fashionable, but now covered with a thousand patches of different colors, his beard would do honor to the chin of a Grizzly Bear, his face and hands evidently show that he had not lost much time at his *Toilette*, loaded with Arms and his own herculean dimensions forming a *tout ensemble* that would convey a good idea of the highwaymen of former



In London, a lady poured apple seeds in a sea captain's gloves. In Oregon, they helped found the fruit industry.

Days . . . Wanting in system and regularity but a man of strict honor and integrity . . . ungovernable violent temper and turbulent disposition.

These two Canadians—Simpson with his cannonball head, barrel-shaped torso and tough practical mind, McLoughlin with his mane of white hair, his eagle face and lank body long hardened by paddle and portage—were bound for the Pacific coast in 1824; bound also for the inevitable quarrel in which the ultimate boundary of Canada would be settled. For the whole wide west could not hold two such men long in company. Could it hold two nations, or must it fall into the hands of the young and ambitious American republic by what the

Americans would soon be calling Manifest Destiny?

That was the historic and doubtful question inherent in the meeting of Simpson and McLoughlin. Its answer must settle the future of Canada.

McLoughlin's life so far had been an unconscious but systematic apprenticeship for the final adventure of the west.

This unique and apocalyptic creature was born at Rivière du Loup, Que., in 1784. His father, a bush farmer of mixed *Canadien*, Irish and Scottish blood, was of little account but the boy's rich maternal relatives educated him.

After a sketchy two-year course in medicine he reached manhood as a giant of six feet four inches with a face already hardening into the graven lines of an Old Testament prophet and a lust for the wilderness.

The young doctor joined the North West Company, quickly became one of its chief traders and, having fathered a son by some Indian woman, married a pretty halfbreed woman, widow of Alexander McKay, who had accompanied Alexander Mackenzie to the Pacific and been murdered by the Indians of Vancouver Island.

McLoughlin arrived on the Canadian prairies at the moment when the North West Company was about to strike its last suicidal blow at its ancient rival, the Hudson's Bay Company. That blow was the massacre of Seven Oaks in the summer of 1816, where a posse of Nor'Westers attacked the Hudson's Bay settlers of Red River, shot down twenty-three men in cold blood, drove the remainder into the northern wilderness and celebrated the victory with a brutal orgy.

McLoughlin, though trading on the prairies, had no part in this crime. But *Continued on page 52*



Illustrated by Duncan Macpherson

In 1843 the first wagon trains of the "Great Migration" began flooding into Oregon. In the contest of settlement Canada was doomed to defeat.



At Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, Scottish traders piped and danced in John McLoughlin's court where no woman was allowed to enter.

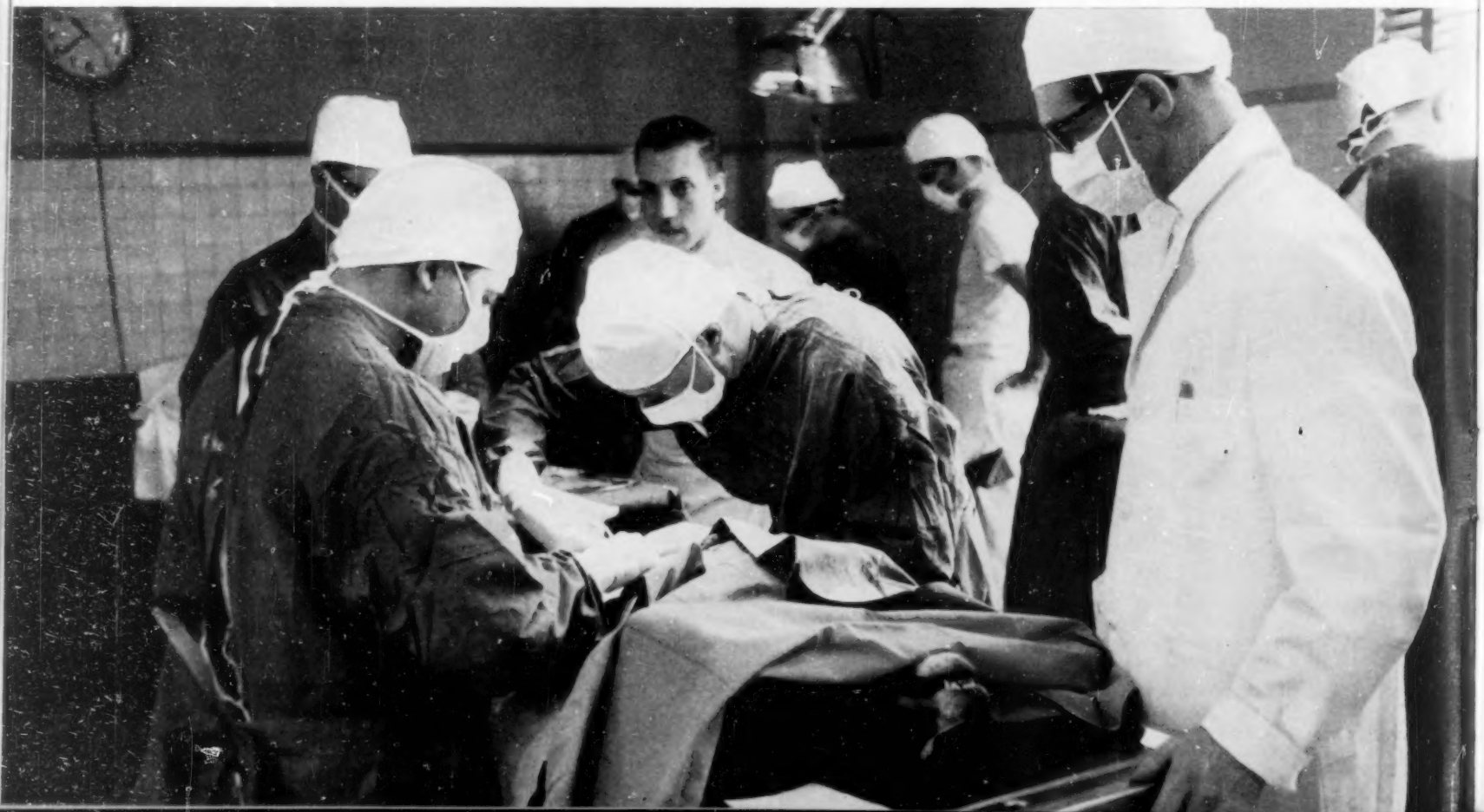


Dr. Douglas Maplesden (centre) inoculates a bull at a Guelph district farm. Student Gordon Godkin (left) and herdsman Archie Thomas steady the patient.



The doctors in overalls who've changed your life

Dr. A. J. Cawley (no cap) supervises veterinary students as they operate on a dog's kidney. The operating room looks like those in a big city hospital.



ON A QUIET grassy campus dotted with enormous maples and elms at the southern outskirts of Guelph, Ont., stands a college that, directly or indirectly, probably affects the health and pocketbook of more Canadians than any other school in the country. It is the Ontario Veterinary College.

The OVC, established in 1862, is the only English-language veterinary school Canada has ever had. It has graduated 5,624 doctors of veterinary medicine and more than a thousand of these are still practicing in Canada. They make up about eighty percent of all our vets, the others having been trained either outside the country or in the small Ecole de Médecine Vétérinaire in St. Hyacinthe, Que.

These graduates play an important part in all our lives. They protect the health of our two-billion-dollar livestock industry. They stamp out poultry epidemics, examine millions of cattle, sheep and swine for mastitis, foot rot, brucellosis and other diseases. They examine every rabbit, monkey and budgerigar imported into Canada. They dig into immigrants' bundles to ferret out meats that might harbor animal diseases.

They keep canaries singing, racehorses running, zoo animals from dying, cats from having kittens and pet skunks from smelling. They protect the

BY MAX BRAITHWAITE

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN

health of the country's three million dogs. They file down the teeth of chinchillas and develop new shades of mink.

They have been largely responsible for reducing the human death rate from bovine tuberculosis by eighty-four percent since 1917. While patching up injured animals, surgeons working in OVC's modern operating rooms have developed surgical techniques that may someday put hopelessly crippled humans back on their feet.

Perhaps most important, by constant vigilance and rigid regulations they have kept this country freer than any other from such ruinous animal scourges as rabies, rinderpest, contagious pleura pneumonia, foot-and-mouth disease and hog cholera.

An incident in the spring of 1953 shows how OVC works with private vets and government officials to keep hog cholera, a disease that costs U. S. farmers millions a year, out of this country.

One afternoon in early May a hog breeder from

near Kitchener, Ont., brought to the college the carcasses of a number of pigs that had died of a mysterious ailment. "They just keeled over and died," he said. Senior students cut the animals open in the post-mortem room (more than three thousand post mortems are performed yearly), discovered no apparent reason for death, and sent vital organs to Dr. F. W. Schofield, head of the pathology department.

Microscopic examination of brain tissue indicated hog cholera. The pathologists notified the health of animals division of the federal Department of Agriculture (most of whose officials are OVC alumni) who verified the findings and immediately destroyed every pig on the infected farm and compensated the farmer. Then they traced the infection back to a recent pig sale, tracked down other diseased animals and killed all hogs with which they came into contact. There has been no hog cholera reported since.

Four years ago an even greater service was performed for the three-hundred-million-dollar poultry industry. Suddenly, all over the country from Vancouver Island to Cape Breton, baby chicks began dying by the thousands. They would gasp, wheeze, twist their necks and legs into grotesque shapes, and die within five days. Some ranchers with flocks of fifty thousand birds lost as high as sixty-five percent of them. Little corpses shoveled out of chicken coops were hauled away by the truck load. The disease spread unaccountably, breaking out in such isolated locations as Manitoulin Island on Georgian Bay. Vets were helpless against it because it was so widespread.

Two OVC researchers, Dr. John Taylor and Dr. Charles Wills, went to work in the college's virology laboratories. By inoculating eggs with cultures from dead chicks they managed to isolate the virus. It was one that acted like that of Newcastle disease, a disease that first appeared at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1926 and reached the United States in 1942. The 1951 outbreak was the first major one in this country and is believed to have been brought here by starlings and sparrows.

Working with the Connaught Laboratories at the University of Toronto, OVC virologists developed a vaccine that could be administered to a whole flock of baby chicks by shooting it in a fine spray over their heads. The vaccine worked so well that it brought Newcastle disease under control and has kept it that way ever since.

Rabies, one of the most horrible diseases for man and beast, has also been

Continued on page 40

Few Canadians know about
the Ontario Veterinary College whose painstaking
research has cut the death rate, stretched
the shopping dollar and saved farmers from ruin.
Its grads can also do
a barnyard Caesarian or take out Fido's tonsils



Mrs. Gordon Godkin is one of OVC's few women students. Here, the team "scrubs" after a sick call. Anne Balkwill checks milk samples while the OVC principal, Dr. Trevor Lloyd Jones, looks on.





That
yellow prairie
sky

It was a roof for Tom
and me and Julie and Kay.
We hunted under it and we courted
under it. Then came the
summer's day when the roof fell in

BY ROBERT KROETSCH

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL



We came up out of the duck blind, and there they were. "A nice pair of shafts," Tom said. "Dandy," I agreed. But we weren't looking at the same pair at all.

I WAS looking at the back of a new dollar bill, at that scene of somewhere on the prairies, and all of a sudden I was looking right through it and I wasn't in Toronto at all any more—I was back out west. The clouds were moving overhead as if we were traveling and I pointed to that fence that's down and I said, "Look't there, Julie, that must be Tom's place. He hasn't fixed that piece of fence these thirty years." And then I noticed the elevator wasn't getting any closer.

It never does.

My brother Tom, he was quite a guy for women. I'll bet he was the worst for twenty miles on either side of the Battle River. Or the best, whichever way you look at it. I guess I wasn't far behind. Anyway, we spent the winter courting those two girls.

The way it happened, we met them in the fall while we were out hunting. I mean, we knew them all our lives. But you know how it is, eh? You look at some girl all your life, and then one day you stop all of a sudden and take another look, and you kind of let out a low whistle.

Well, Tom was twenty-three then, with me a year younger, and we'd grown up together. He taught me how to play hockey and how to snare rabbits and anything new that came along. Out on the prairies you don't have neighbors over your head and in your back yard, and a brother really gets to be a brother.

When it rained that fall and the fields got too soft for threshing we decided to go out and take a crack at some of the ducks that were feeding on our crop. We built a big stook that would keep us out of view, facing the slough hole and the setting sun, and we crawled inside. I can still see it all in my mind . . .

A thousand and a thousand ducks were milling black against the yellow sky. Like autumn leaves from the tree of life they tumbled in the air; a new flock coming from the north, a flock circling down, a flock tremulous above the water, reluctant to wet a thousand feet. And silhouetted on the far horizon was a threshing machine with a blower pointed at a strawpile, and nearer was the glint of the sun on the slough, and then a rush of wings from behind, overhead, going into the

sun, and with a sudden jolt the autumn-sharp smell of a smoking gun.

I let go with both barrels at a flock that was too high up, and before I could reload there was a scream that left my jaw hanging as wide open as the breech of my old 12-gauge.

"I swear," Tom said, "now ain't that the prettiest pair of mallards that ever came close to losing their pinfeathers?"

I pushed my way out of the stook, and Tom was right.

I guess they didn't see us. I mean, Kay and Julie. They were standing back of our stook, looking scared, with their skirts tucked into—tucked up—and nobody thought of it in the excitement, or at least they didn't.

"Are you trying to kill us?" Julie asked, pushing back a blond curl and pretending she was only mad and not scared at all.

"Can't you see we're shooting ducks?" Tom said. "I can't by the number that fell," she said.

That's when I spoke Continued on page 48

Is There Really an Abominable Snowman?

A British mountaineer
photographed the footprints;
Tenzing's kinsman says
he saw one.

Is the barefoot monster
of the Himalayas
man, monkey or myth?

BY WILLY LEY



Space-travel writer Ley's fascination with the odd sent him studying the Snowman.



Everest climber Dr. Michael Ward stands beside strange tracks (centre) in Himalayas. Is it man or beast?

DOWN FROM the remote Himalayan ice slopes where India, Tibet and Nepal come together under the roof of the world, the news trickled to the workaday lowlands: a party of Nepalese nomads had captured a *metchakangmi*—one of those creatures whose very name conjures up the fearsome and the fascinating: an Abominable Snowman.

The news reached Colonel K. N. Rana a few days' journey from the foothills hamlet where it originated, and he hurried there. Rana, an engineer and director of Nepal's Bureau of Mines, felt neither the calm acceptance of his highland countrymen that the Abominable Snowman existed, nor the cold sceptical attitude of armchair anthropologists that, of course, *metchakangmi* were myths. An open-minded man, Rana had heard tales all his life about the Snowman—the hairy, naked, semi-human species that is supposed to live only in the snow fields under Everest. Here was an opportunity for him to become the first educated man to meet a Snowman "in person."

In the hamlet the Snowman's captors told Rana an infuriatingly simple tale. They had, indeed, surprised an adult male *metchakangmi* and taken it prisoner. "We bound him so that he would not escape," explained the leader of the party, "but in bonds he would not eat the food we offered. And he died after some days' journey."

The nomads, not realizing that the strange *sahibs* from the lowlands would value the dead body of a Snowman almost as much as a living specimen, had rolled the body down a slope of bottomless

snow where it would never be found. Thus was lost perhaps the only opportunity ever offered to establish the truth about the Abominable Snowman.

For nearly three quarters of a century travelers in the Himalayas have brought back tales of the existence of "something," not quite human yet more than animal, that roamed there. Most recently it was the victorious British Everest expedition led by Sir John Hunt that brought back a piece of evidence—hearsay evidence—to add to the anthropological jigsaw puzzle which, in the various dialects of the region, is called *mirka*, *yeti*, *sogpa* and *metchakangmi*—the last of which can be translated literally as "Abominable Snowman."

It was at the Buddhist monastery of Thyangboche, near the thirteen-thousand-foot base camp of the British expedition, that Sir John had his secondhand encounter with the Snowman. Having been indoctrinated by the soon-to-be-famous Tenzing Norkey in how to behave in the presence of a high priest of Buddhism, Hunt was received by the acting abbot of Thyangboche, "a rotund figure robed in faded red."

When the subject of the Snowman was brought up, the abbot reacted in a manner described thus by Hunt:

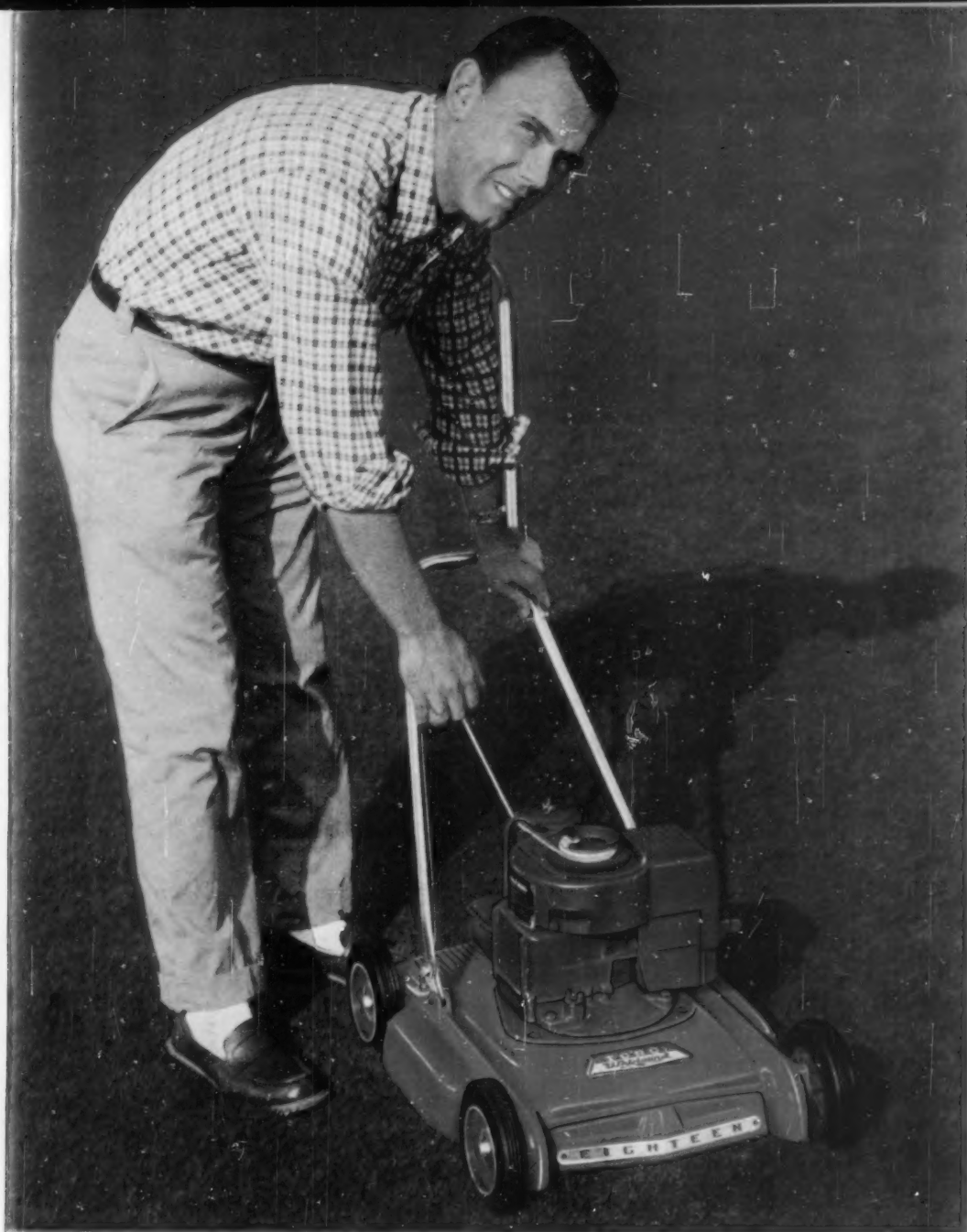
"The old dignitary at once warmed to this subject. Peering out of the window on to the meadow where our tents were pitched, he gave a most graphic description of how a *yeti* had appeared from the surrounding thickets a few years back in winter when the snows lay on the ground.



Eric Shipton photographed this footprint in 1951. Larger than man's, it belongs to no known mammal.

The beast, loping along sometimes on his hind legs and sometimes on all fours, stood about five feet high and was covered with grey hair. Oblivious of his guests, the abbot was reliving a sight imprinted on his memory as he stared across at the scene of this event. The *yeti* had stopped to scratch—the old monk gave a good imitation, but went on longer than he need have done to make his point—had picked up snow, played with it and made a few grunts—again he gave us a convincing rendering. The inhabitants of the monastery had meanwhile worked themselves into a great state of excitement, and instructions were

Continued on page 34



- 1 MOWING GRASS** with the Toro Whirlwind 18 is actually more fun than work. It rolls easily over the turf as the "Suction-Action" of the spinning blade lifts every spear of grass for a smooth, even cut.

FIVE-JOB MOWER

The hardest-working \$99.95* worth of power mower in the country today is the Toro Whirlwind 18. It (1) gives grass a bristling "heinie" cut, (2) trims whisker-close to fences, walls, buildings, (3) slashes down the thickest, tallest weeds, (4) rids lawn of leaves by pulverizing 30 bushels of leaves a minute, (5) mulches the turf with a layer of finely milled clippings.

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- 2 TRIMMING** is no longer a tiresome hand job. Flush-wheel design of the Toro Whirlwind 18 allows rotary blade to mow right up to fences and walls—with either side of the machine.



- 3 CUTTING WEEDS** and tall grass is a simple job for the Toro Whirlwind 18. It slashes the heaviest growth to stubble—chews clippings to a fine mulch. And the engine has power to spare!



- 4 PULVERIZING LEAVES** is a special talent of the Toro Whirlwind 18. "Suction-Action" lifts leaves, holds them under housing until milled to an almost invisible mulch. Cleans up leaves easy as mowing!



- 5 MULCHING TURF** takes no extra time with the Toro Whirlwind 18. All clippings and leaves are automatically sprayed over the turf as you mow, through a guarded exhaust chute at the rear.



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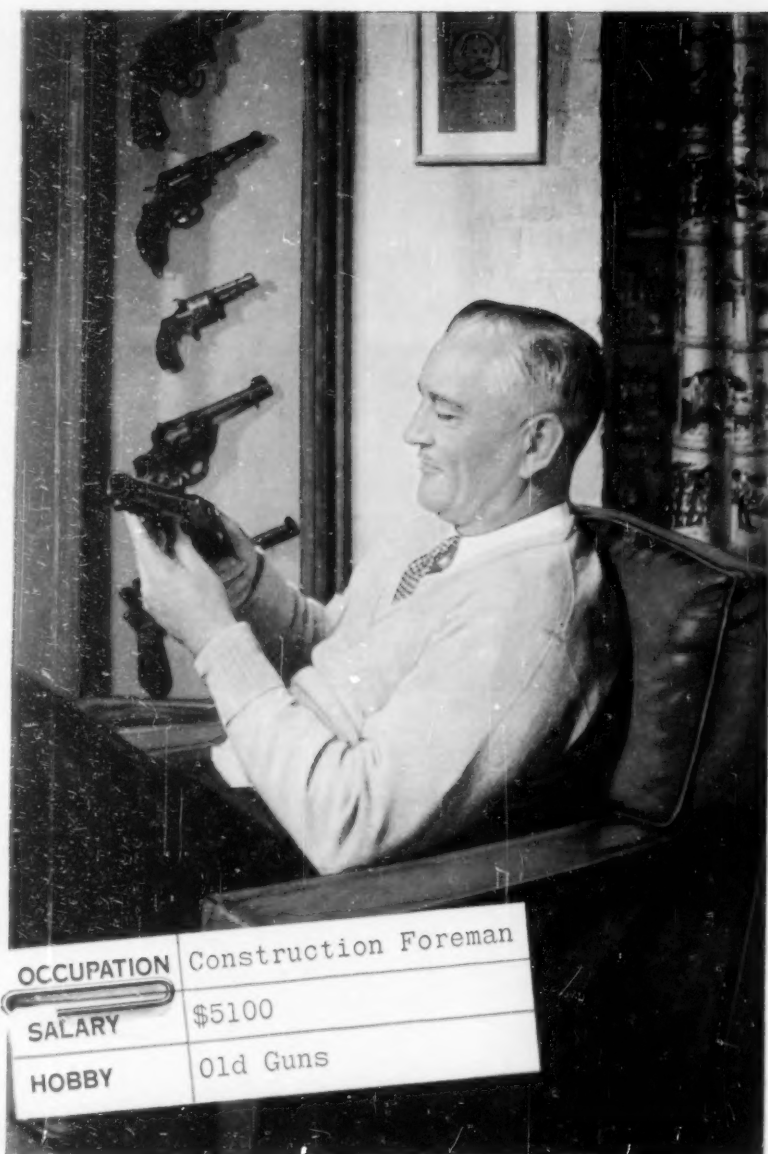
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RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET **COURT MARTIAL:** Based on a London stage success called *Carrington, VC*, this intelligent courtroom drama offers more than the usual portions of adult dialogue, adroit acting and reasonable motivations. It's about a war hero (David Niven) whose wife (Margaret Leighton) coldly betrays him under oath at his army trial for "stealing" mess funds.

THE GLASS SLIPPER: As a sort of successor to *Lili*, this Hollywood version of the Cinderella story has another charming performance by pixieish Leslie Caron and some pleasant music and dancing. But Michael Wilding is a bit too senior for the dashing prince.

HIT THE DECK: Several of Vincent Youmans' brightest songs and Ann Miller's nimble gams help in making this rather hackneyed musical an item that can be enjoyed.

MAN WITHOUT A STAR: One of the better westerns. Kirk Douglas appears as a banjo-strumming slugger with a fondness for pretty girls and a hatred for barbed-wire fences. With Jeanne Crain, Claire Trevor, and other worthies.

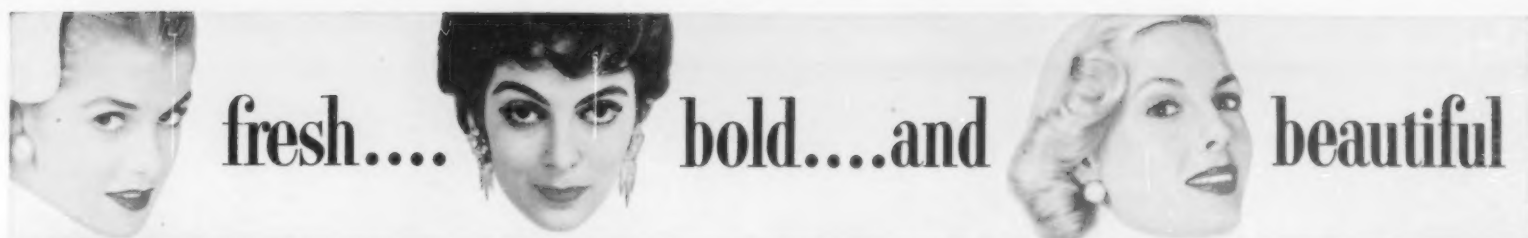
NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL: Big-league hoodlums' elaborate touches of "respectability" — dignified offices, art collections, family worries — inject a welcome strain of humor into this otherwise commonplace crime drama.

THE RACERS: An overlong widescreen yarn about the daredevils of Europe's speed-tracks. Sizzling action, sketchy characterizations. With Kirk Douglas, Gilbert Roland, Bella Darvi.

THREE FOR THE SHOW: Betty Grable is still as shapely as any of her younger rivals. The story, about a showgirl with two legal husbands, is awfully scrawny. With Jack Lemmon and the Champions.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>Aida:</i> Opera. Excellent.
 <i>The Americana:</i> Adventure. Fair.
 <i>Athena:</i> Satiric comedy. Fair.
 <i>The Atomic Kid:</i> Comedy. Fair.
 <i>Bad Day at Black Rock:</i> Suspense. Good.
 <i>Bamboo Prison:</i> Spy drama. Poor.
 <i>Battle Cry:</i> War and sex. Fair.
 <i>The Beachcomber:</i> Comedy. Fair.
 <i>Black Widow:</i> Whodunit. Good.
 <i>The Bounty Hunter:</i> Western. Good.
 <i>The Bridges at Toko-Ri:</i> War. Excellent.
 <i>Brigadoon:</i> Fantasy-musical. Fair.
 <i>Broken Lance:</i> Western. Excellent.
 <i>Carmen Jones:</i> Negro opera. Excellent.
 <i>Chance Meeting:</i> Drama. Good.
 <i>Conquest of Space:</i> Science fiction. Fair.
 <i>The Country Girl:</i> Drama. Excellent.
 <i>Deep in My Heart:</i> Musical. Fair.
 <i>Désirée:</i> Historical drama. Fair.
 <i>The Divided Heart:</i> Drama. Excellent.
 <i>Drive a Crooked Road:</i> Crime. Good.
 <i>Drum Beat:</i> Western. Fair.
 <i>Green Fire:</i> Adventure. Fair.
 <i>Hell's Outpost:</i> Western. Good.
 <i>Jupiter's Darling:</i> Musical. Fair.
 <i>The Kidnappers:</i> Drama. Excellent.
 <i>Lease of Life:</i> Drama. Good.
 <i>A Life in the Balance:</i> Suspense. Fair.
 <i>Little Fugitive:</i> Comedy. Excellent.
 <i>The Long Gray Line:</i> West Point comedy-drama. Good.</p> | <p><i>Long John Silver:</i> Pirate comedy-drama. Fair for kids.
 <i>The Loves of Verdi:</i> Opera biog. Fair.
 <i>Mad About Men:</i> Mermaid farce. Fair.
 <i>Mr. Hulot's Holiday:</i> Comedy. Good.
 <i>On the Waterfront:</i> Drama. Excellent.
 <i>The Other Woman:</i> Sexy drama. Fair.
 <i>Prince of Players:</i> Drama. Good.
 <i>Romeo and Juliet:</i> Drama. Excellent.
 <i>The Sea Shall Not Have Them:</i> British war-at-sea drama. Fair.
 <i>7 Brides for 7 Brothers:</i> Widescreen musical. Excellent.
 <i>Shield for Murder:</i> Crime. Fair.
 <i>The Silver Chalice:</i> Semi-Biblical drama. Fair.
 <i>Sitting Bull:</i> Western. Poor.
 <i>6 Bridges to Cross:</i> Crime. Good.
 <i>So This Is Paris:</i> Musical. Fair.
 <i>A Star Is Born:</i> Musical. Excellent.
 <i>Timberjack:</i> Logging drama. Poor.
 <i>Tonight's the Night:</i> Comedy. Good.
 <i>20,000 Leagues Under the Sea:</i> Marine fantasy-adventure. Good.
 <i>Underwater!</i> Adventure. Fair.
 <i>The Vanishing Prairie:</i> Walt Disney wild-life feature. Excellent.
 <i>The Violent Men:</i> Western. Fair.
 <i>White Feather:</i> Western. Good.
 <i>Women's Prison:</i> Drama. Fair.
 <i>Young at Heart:</i> Music-drama. Fair.</p> |
|--|---|



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The Abominable Snowman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

given to drive off the unwelcome visitor. Conch shells were blown and the long traditional horns sounded. The yeti had ambled away into the bush."

Strangely enough, eyewitness reports and folklore seem to be inextricably mingled in testimony about the Snowman. Sir John Hunt continues his account of the interview in the monastery:

"We listened, fascinated by this tale, and continued to be interested, if slightly less convinced, when we heard other and more circumstantial stories—of how, for instance, a whole tribe of yetis, after making themselves unpopular in Tibet by mimicking the habits of their human cousins, had been massacred by them; this resulted in a decree by the then government of that country that yetis would in future be protected by law."

Modern interest in the Snowman probably started with the 1921 reconnaissance of the British Everest expedition, which resulted in a memorable report by the leader of that expedition, Colonel C. K. Howard-Bury. Accompanied by five other white explorers and by twenty-six native porters, he made an attempt at the north col of Mount Everest in September of that year. Using the Kharta glacier as its best means of approach the expedition headed for the Lhakpa La, a pass at a height of twenty-two thousand feet. There in soft snow the climbers saw the tracks of hares and of foxes and also, to their intense surprise, a track which could well have been made by a barefoot man.

The porters, Howard-Bury reported, at once said that these were the tracks of a *metchhangmi*. Though the colonel himself made light of the idea of the existence of a special and unknown race of "Snowmen" (he suggested that they might have been wolf tracks) the daily press would have none of his doubts. On the day the report became public, the legend of the Snowman was born as a perennial news story—to the acute embarrassment of Howard-Bury, whose name inevitably appeared in each retelling of the tale.

Actually Howard-Bury was not the first to report either on mysterious tracks or on the natives' assertion that there were Snowmen. The earliest source known at the moment is a book by a Major L. A. Waddell of the Indian Army Medical Corps. The book, *Among the Himalayas*, was published in London in 1899, but the journey—from Darjeeling to northeastern Sikkim—took place in 1889. In this book can be found the following passage.

"Some large footprints in the snow led across our track and away up to the higher peaks. These were alleged to be the trail of the hairy wild men who are believed to live amongst the eternal snows, along with the mythical white lions whose roar is reputed to be heard during storms. The belief in these creatures is universal among Tibetans. None, however, of the many Tibetans I have interrogated on this subject could ever give me an authentic case . . ."

Another, though somewhat dubious, source—which probably antedates Howard-Bury's report—is a book by Jean Marquès-Rivière. The title is *L'Inde Secrète et sa Magie*—it is probably my fault that this title makes me wrap myself into several layers of scepticism. Marquès-Rivière, at any event, tells that a pilgrim assured him that the creatures were a race of

human giants, neither bears nor monkeys, and that they spoke an unknown language. The pilgrim claimed to have been a member of the expedition of natives who followed footprints and finally saw the Snowmen. Ten "or more" of them sat in a circle; they were "ten to twelve feet high, beating tom-toms, oscillating and engaged in some magic rite. Their bodies were covered with hair; their faces between man and gorilla; quite naked at that great altitude, and a sadness expressed on their frightful visages."

Seldom are Snowmen described as being so "human" as to use tom-toms. But one report which credits the creature with the ability to use weapons actually is ascribed to a white man, the English explorer Hugh Knight.

Unfortunately I have not been able to find Knight's original story so that the following is very much second or third hand and given essentially for the sake of completeness. Knight is reported to have seen a Snowman (who was unaware of his presence) from as close as twenty paces. The Snowman was the size of a big man, with a barrel chest and overlong arms. His skin was yellow and covered with blondish hair. He had the high cheekbones of the mongoloids and splayed feet. Though apparently without clothing the creature carried a primitive bow. He is reported to have suddenly run off, as if in pursuit of something which Knight could not see.

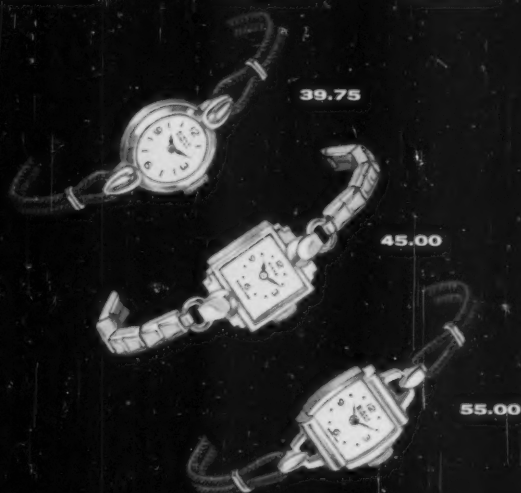
As Familiar as Yak Herds

Whatever the merits of this story, the next man to write in defense of the Snowmen is a famous geographer and explorer, Ronald Kaulbach, who stated that in 1936 he had come across tracks "looking exactly as though they had been made by a barefooted man" in a pass between the valleys of the Chu and Salween Rivers. There was not just one set of tracks but five. Kaulbach's four Sherpa porters all agreed on the existence of the *metchhangmi*; but only two said that these particular tracks had been made by them, the other two were willing to admit that they might have been made by snow leopards. Though Kaulbach stressed that "there are no bears in that part of the country" he was told later that the tracks must have been made either by bears, or by giant pandas or by an unknown species of monkey. Kaulbach simply replied that neither bears nor giant pandas occur in this area and that there are no monkeys there either and furthermore that any monkeys living there would not go above the snow line. He might have added (but didn't) that "an unknown species of monkeys" would be a very interesting discovery too.

Travelers, whether or not they saw Snowmen or their tracks, whether or not they believed or disbelieved in the strange creatures' existence, have been agreed on one point: that the natives were unquestionably sincere in their own conviction that Snowmen existed. Back in 1922, General C. G. Bruce led the second British Everest expedition into the Himalayas and noted that the natives treated the existence of Snowmen as a matter of course. When Bruce stopped at the Rongbuk Monastery, located to the north of Everest, he used the opportunity to ask the head lama whether he had ever heard of the *metchhangmi*. The head lama reacted to the question as if he had been asked about a herd of yak or something else generally known and replied, yes, five of them lived farther up in the Rongbuk Valley.

Bruce apparently felt he could spare neither the time nor the manpower to go after these Snowmen. In retrospect

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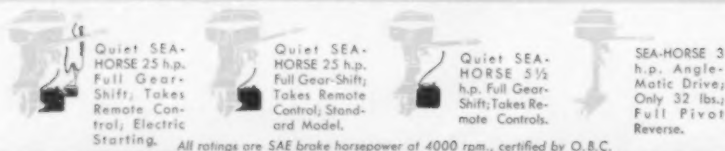
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his decision may seem wrong. Everest was not climbed then—was not, in fact, to be climbed for more than thirty years—and a diversion of forces might have led to a discovery of the Snowman. But twentieth-century expeditions have always had very specific and definite goals as if they were military operations. This probably is a fundamental mistake, the older explorers who went out to see what they could find seem to have been more successful on the whole. Of course it is also possible that Bruce simply disbelieved the whole story.

One sceptical European who changed his mind was N. A. Tombazi, an Italian photographer. Before he set out on a photographic expedition into the southern portion of the glacier area of the Kangchenjunga in 1925 he referred to talk about Snowmen as "delicious fancy." Soon after his return, however, he privately published a report in Bombay in which he stated simply that he had seen a Snowman at an elevation of fifteen thousand feet:

"Intense glare prevented me seeing anything for a few seconds, but I soon spotted the object referred to two or three hundred yards away down the valley—unquestionably the figure in outline was exactly like a human being, walking upright and stopping occasionally to uproot some dwarf rhododendron. It showed dark against the snow and wore no clothing. Within the next minute or so it had moved into some thick scrub and was lost to view. I examined the footprints which were similar in shape to those of a man but only six to seven inches long by nine inches wide at the broadest part. Marks of five toes and instep were clear but trace of heel indistinct. I counted five at regular intervals from one to one and a half feet. The prints were undoubtedly of a biped."

More stories about strange tracks came in shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War temporarily interrupted interest in Mount Everest. In 1937 Eric Sipton and H. W. Tilman ran a survey expedition in the Karakorum. One member of their expedition and two Sherpas visited a known but remote area which is referred to as Snow Lake and promptly found tracks: "They were roughly circular, about a foot in diameter, nine inches deep and eighteen inches apart. They lay in a straight line without any right and left stagger, nor was there any sign of overlap as would be the case with a four-footed beast. The Sherpas diagnosed them as those of a yeti . . . A few days later, in another glacier valley, bear tracks were everywhere and were quickly recognized as such by the Sherpas." Sipton had seen such circular tracks—indicating some melting of the snow—elsewhere. And Tilman, who had originally considered the whole case as a collection of silly superstitions, openly reversed his opinion.

Though these circular tracks did not show any detail it is important that they were in a straight line. Bears can't walk that way. It is true that smaller predators, like the European fox, occasionally manage to put all four of their footprints in a straight line—in Europe they say that the fox has been "stringing," you can stretch a string over the prints—but only small four-footed animals can do that. Something large either needs legs like a camel to produce such a track or else it has to be bipedal.

One particular Sherpa who accompanied Sipton repeatedly has to be mentioned now: Sen Tenzing, an elder member of the tribe of Tenzing Norkey, co-conqueror of Everest. Sen Tenzing not only saw yeti prints on quite a number of occasions, he also

once reported seeing a yeti. In November 1949 a large group of Sherpas gathered in front of the Thyangboche monastery for a religious festival. This monastery is the same one at which Sir John Hunt interviewed the abbot about Snowmen. The monastery is not too distant from Mount Everest, in fact the mountain can be seen from the monastery. The place where the Sherpas assembled is a meadow bordered on one side by a forest. It was out of those trees, according to Sen Tenzing, that a yeti suddenly appeared. The nearest of the Sherpas were about eighty feet away; they said that it was of the same size as they are themselves—averaging five and a half feet—and that its whole body was covered with reddish-brown hair, except the face.

Because Sen Tenzing was known personally to Sipton, W. H. Murray and other explorers, they saw to it that he was thoroughly questioned later in the same month. The occasion was a cocktail party at the British Embassy at Katmandu. The Sherpa was brought in, still wearing climbing boots and



MACLEAN'S

heavy breeches and several Nepalese cross-examined him for half an hour. They later not only said that Tenzing stuck to his story all the way through but also that he could not have done so if he had not spoken the truth.

Then came the expedition of 1951, and, as Murray put it, more news of the yeti. Writing in the Scots Magazine he told the following story:

"Early in November we withdrew from Everest into Sola Khumbu in Nepal, and thence explored the unsurveyed ranges which lie thirty to forty miles westwards. Our party split up. Sipton and Ward penetrated into the heart of the Gaurisankar range—a wild tangle of high and icy peaks—by crossing a pass of twenty thousand feet, now called the Menlung La. Bourdillon and I followed them a few days later (after explorations of our own farther north). From the Menlung La we dropped two thousand feet onto a long westward-flowing glacier. At eighteen thousand feet, on its snow-covered surface, we came upon the tracks of two bipeds, which were quite distinct from the tracks of Sipton and Ward. Like the latter before us, we followed the strange tracks for two miles down the glacier, because they had chosen the best route through the crevasse system. Where broad crevasses barred the way, the tracks struck sharp left or right to avoid them or dodged around little ice cliffs and pinnacles. They were the tracks of an animal using its intelligence to choose a good, safe, and therefore (in its detail) complex route. Apart from that very important observation our evidence at the best corroborates Sipton's, for the prints had been enlarged by melting and so were the round shapeless prints typical of two previous reports.

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excessively riven so the tracks diverged rightwards onto the stony moraine and there we lost them. We, too, had to take to the moraine. We followed it one mile to rough grazing grounds which support small herds of wild goats and sheep and presumably yetis too. On meeting Shipton and Ward we found them still in a state of subdued excitement over the tracks for they had come on them several days earlier than we, when the prints had been no more than a few hours old. Where the snow lay soft and heavy the yetis had left only the deep outline of the foot, but where it lay thin and frozen the pad marks and the five toe marks had been distinct within the print. Where the yetis had jumped the smaller crevasses the scabble marks of their toes could be clearly seen on the far side. The prints were six inches wide by twelve and a half inches long, the gap between the prints was nine or ten inches. The Sherpa, Sen Tenzing, who accompanied Shipton was able to identify the prints as those of two yetis. He knew well the spoor of bear and could say at once that these were not bear tracks . . ."

Eric Shipton, who had come across the tracks when they were still fresh, had taken a photograph which proves that, no matter how many "yeti tracks" had really been made by bears, these were decidedly not. There is no mammal known to science that leaves such tracks. And although they resemble human tracks they are as decidedly "un-human." The latter is important too, for in addition to the customary explanations citing two kinds of bears, loping wolves, loping snow leopards, giant pandas and monkeys, several people have held that the Snowmen were simply men—Hindu ascetics or outlaws. Of course both Hindu ascetics (going naked in the snow or very nearly so) and outlaws do exist but if they leave footprints they are still human footprints, about ten inches long and at most four inches wide.

The conclusion appears inevitable that the prints were made by something else than outlaws, bears or snow leopards. Murray concluded his report in the Scots Magazine rather light-heartedly by writing: "What, then, is the Abominable Snowman? In my own judgment it is no other than the *metchakangmi, mirka, yeti or sogpa.*"

And that, probably, is as close as we will come to getting an answer to that intriguing question—until some fortunate scientist comes into possession of an Abominable Snowman, dead or alive. Meanwhile, there's another situation to ponder on.

The Snowman that died and was abandoned by its Nepalese captors before Col. Rana, the Nepalese director of mines, could examine it, was described, remember, as "perhaps the only opportunity ever offered to establish the truth about the Abominable Snowman." In Rana's files is another case of pursuit too late. In this instance it was reported to him that a nomad family had taken possession of a "baby Snowman." When Rana reached the area, the family had vanished without trace—as it is easy enough to do in that vast area.

But there is still speculation in the lowlands that somewhere in the high foothills may dwell a family of human beings with an adopted "son," albeit an awkward, shambling, tongue-tied youth, whose parents roam the lonely snow fields and whom their human cousins call "Abominable Snowmen." ★

An account of Mr. Ley's attempts to track down the Abominable Snowman legends will be included in his forthcoming book, *Salamanders and Other Wonders* (Viking Press).

The Doctors in Overalls

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

kept from spreading. Two years ago an epidemic broke out among the foxes, wolves and coyotes of the Fort Fitzgerald area in northern Alberta. Immediately a large area was quarantined and a team of vets rushed to the scene. With the help of the RCMP they vaccinated thousands of dogs and shot forty-two that were infected. As a result of this experience OVC instituted a short course in diseases of wild animals.

Right now OVC and government parasitologists are spending a lot of time wading around in sloughs and marshes in the Burwash area of northern Ontario collecting snails. They are looking for the American liver fluke, a flat parasite about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece that gets into the liver of cattle and kills them. The parasite spends part of its life cycle in the body of the common snail and is believed to be passed on to cattle by deer and elk. The joint OVC-government project, still in the research stage, is aimed at controlling the liver fluke at its source—the snail.

The three hundred and two students, seventeen of them girls, now attending OVC are probably the most serious college students in Canada. They need to be to cover the extensive field of veterinary medicine in five years. "This is a far cry from the horse-doctor days," Dr. William R. Mitchell, head of the college's extension department, points out. "The modern vet must be a scientist. These students take bacteriology, radiology, pathology, genetics, virology, obstetrics, and public health. They know about hormones and nutrition. Animals get just about every ailment that humans do, except appendicitis, besides a lot more of their own. Whereas your MD deals with only one animal—man—the vet deals with hundreds of different anatomies varying in size from chinchillas to elephants. Besides, the vet can't ask his patient where he hurts."

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Like the doctor, a vet is on call twenty-four hours a day. A cow with milk fever or bloat may be dead within half an hour if the vet isn't there to give emergency treatment that often enough consists of a major operation performed right in the barnyard. He runs the constant risk of picking up from the animals such diseases as undulant fever, a malady something like malaria that affects about one vet in five.

But for all this the veterinarian can expect to receive on the average only about half the income of a medical doctor. Earnings for Canadian vets run between \$4,000 for beginners to \$15,000—in rare cases \$20,000—for the most successful practitioners. A brochure prepared by OVC estimates the average earnings of vets at around \$5,000 a year.

Consequently, it annoys the OVC staff and vets generally that many people think of vets only as owners of swank, lucrative pet hospitals. The extent of this misconception was emphasized at the 1952 Royal Winter Fair when a commercial firm that gives an annual prize to an outstanding agriculture student turned down an OVC candidate on the ground that dogs, cats and budgies scarcely qualify as agriculture.

"I showed them they were entirely mistaken," Dr. Trevor Lloyd Jones,

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the energetic Welshman who is the college's fifth principal, recalls. "I made a survey of our 491 graduates of the past five years and discovered that 286 of them, or nearly sixty percent, are in large-animal practice." Of the others, ninety-six are government officers, forty-two are teachers, one is a salesman and two are dead. Only sixty-four are small-animal specialists and most of these are in the larger cities. "I was able to demonstrate that the care of revenue-producing animals is still the main concern of the veterinary profession, and if I

have any say in the matter it always will be," Jones declares.

The Ontario Veterinary College is a small establishment to carry such a load of responsibility. It consists of one main three-story red-brick building, a two-story brick extension building and a collection of white barns and sheds that make up the large-animal infirmary, the small-animal clinic, the poultry houses, the fur-bearing-animal department and the post-mortem building.

Across Highway No. 6, which runs into Guelph from Hamilton, is the

much larger Ontario Agricultural College and the home-economics school, Macdonald Institute. The three colleges share their athletic and social life. The vet students groom faculty members' pets and college livestock for the annual College Royal, and rent dress suits to attend the annual dance, called the Conversazione.

The present student register at OVC reads like a roll call at the United Nations. There are students from eighteen foreign countries, including Israel, Australia and Estonia, as well as from all provinces except Newfound-

land. Two typical foreign students are George Victor Zatlok and Leslie Ford. Zatlok, a thirty-eight-year-old refugee from Poland, has studied veterinary medicine in his native land and in Italy. Leslie Ford, who holds a master's degree in animal husbandry from Cornell, is a native of British Guiana and plans to work under the Colombo Plan.

Each year the college gets a number of applications from girls determined to be vets. This is vaguely disturbing to college officials who limit the number to two or three a year. "When I graduated in 1934," Dr. Jones says, "there were no girls in the college at all. Since the war we've been swamped with applications and already twenty-nine have graduated. It's become something of a fad."

Most of the female students are city girls (Suzanne Morrow, three times Canadian women's figure-skating champion, is in her third year) but they gladly put in the four months' practical farm work required for entrance. Ellen Thompson, a tall pretty debutante from Toronto, did her compulsory stint on a pig farm and "loved every minute of it." The girls take exactly the same course as the men and participate in the threefold college program of teaching, research and extension work.

For the first two years the course is pretty general. About the only animals the students see are dead ones in the anatomy lab. But in senior years the embryo vets do a great deal of practical work with sick animals. In the small-animal clinic they work with thirty-five-year-old Dr. James Archibald, who is establishing a reputation as one of the most skillful animal surgeons on the continent. "Veterinarians from different parts of the country refer unusual cases to us and we take them on for the experience," Archibald explains. "In the process we develop some interesting techniques."

Recently a St. Catharines, Ont., veterinarian brought in a black-and-white tomcat named Boots that had been hit by a truck.

First the cat was taken to the X-ray room where technician Edward Bishop, using the same sort of equipment found in the Toronto General Hospital, took shots from a number of angles. The X-ray showed that the ball of the ball-and-socket joint of the right hip had been badly smashed. The cat would have to have a new one.

Next Boots was taken to the shiny new operating room at the back of the main building. About the only difference between this room and that of a hospital for humans is that the figure on the table has four legs instead of two. The surgeon and his assistants scrub up, wear rubber gloves, white masks and green gowns. All equipment is thoroughly sterilized. Boots was covered with a green cloth with a hole above the shaved right hip through which the surgeon worked. Nembutal was used to anaesthetize the cat.

A gowned assistant—one of the dozen senior students observing the operation—slipped a scalpel into Archibald's hand and he made a neat incision in the thigh and clamped off the bleeders. "The cat," he explained to the students as he worked, "is the nicest animal to operate on. As you see, the muscular patterns are as well defined as the drawings in your textbook."

With quick deft fingers he picked up the broken end of the femur and with a small handsaw sawed off the broken ball. Then he squared and smoothed the roughened areas of the end with a bone rasp. Next, choosing his angle carefully, he drilled a small hole into the end of the bone. He took

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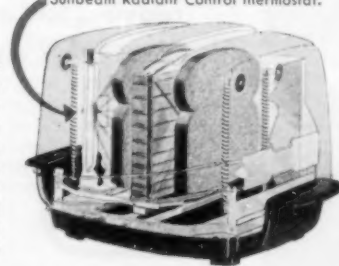


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a previously prepared plastic ball with a slender neck about an inch long and, using a small plastic hammer, drove it into the end of the bone. Then he placed the new ball inside the socket in the hip, replaced the muscles and sewed up the cut.

This operation means a lot more than a new hip for Boots. When it is perfected (Archibald is still experimenting with different plastics) it will mean the saving of valuable breeding animals. More important, it may mean that many people past middle age who are using canes, crutches, braces or wheel chairs will walk again. These are the sufferers from osteoarthritis which often affects the hip joint. In human surgery stainless-steel cups have been used to cover the affected ball and sometimes the worn-out joint is replaced by a steel one. Plastics also have been tried. The operations on cats and dogs add to the sum total of knowledge about joint repair. The Stater splint, commonly used to mend broken jaws and other fractures in humans, was developed and first used on dogs by veterinarian Otto Stater in Pennsylvania.

Not long ago a springer spaniel was brought in with a hopeless kidney infection. Archibald decided to try a kidney transplant—that is, give the sick dog a healthy kidney from a dead dog. This extremely delicate operation involves cutting the two main blood vessels in the dog's neck leading to and from the head and inserting the healthy kidney there. Unfortunately, although the new kidney functioned for a few hours, the dog died.

A Present For Some Kid

Archibald explains that up to now the transplanting of whole organs from one animal to another has not worked because the blood system of the host animal treats the new protein like a foreign body and sets up antibodies to destroy it. "Someday we may find out how to get around this," he says. "Then the new kidney may function long enough for the animal's own kidneys to regenerate. And what works in animals often works in humans."

A new technique successfully developed by OVC surgeons is the insertion of small pieces of bladder between the two ends of broken bone to improve mending. "It's not known exactly why," Archibald explains, "but bladder tissue actually forms new bone. It's most useful in breaks of the lower part of the leg bone where healing is normally slow."

During recuperation the dogs and cats are kept in a room below the operating room where there are cages for about a hundred of them. "Many of these had tonsillectomies," Archibald says. He explains that dogs' tonsils flare up just as children's do and that veterinarians differ about as widely as human doctors whether or not they should be removed.

"This little fellow," he says, tickling the nose of a brown-and-white mongrel through the wire mesh, "was brought in the other day with a compound leg fracture. The owner asked us to put him to sleep. Incidentally that's one big difference between a veterinarian and an MD. We are often required to give an overdose of nembutal to hopeless cases and put them out of their misery. But we didn't do that with this fellow. Instead the students put a plastic plate we've been trying out on his leg. We'll give him to some kid when he's better."

Not all animals brought in require operations. Some are just plain sick. Archibald says that distemper is still the worst killer of dogs. There is no known cure. But it can be prevented

by inoculation. Similarly, feline enteritis is the worst cat killer.

Neither of these diseases is transmittable to humans but there are some rare ones that are. Histoplasmosis, a fungus disease of the lungs, can be caught from dogs. So can Wild's disease, a form of jaundice that destroys the kidneys.

Another common ailment of dogs is worm powder. "It's almost an axiom in our profession that more dogs die from worming than from worms," Archibald says. An owner notices his dog has something wrong inside,

diagnoses it as worms, and gives him an overdose of worm pills. Since these contain harsh irritants they may aggravate the infection in the intestinal tract and even kill the dog.

Although they handle dogs of every size and description veterinarians are rarely bitten. Most dogs are mild and docile. The chows are the most excitable and the most likely to give trouble while the farm collie is the most tractable. Archibald and his staff take no chances. They always ask the owner to lift the dog to the stainless-steel-topped examination table. The animal

is too busy keeping his balance on the slippery surface to snap at anyone.

If he encounters a really vicious dog the veterinarian takes a length of rope with a slip knot on the end and lassoes him. Once a dog feels the lead he's usually docile. If not, the vet simply lifts up the rope and while the dog is gasping for breath slips a muzzle over his nose.

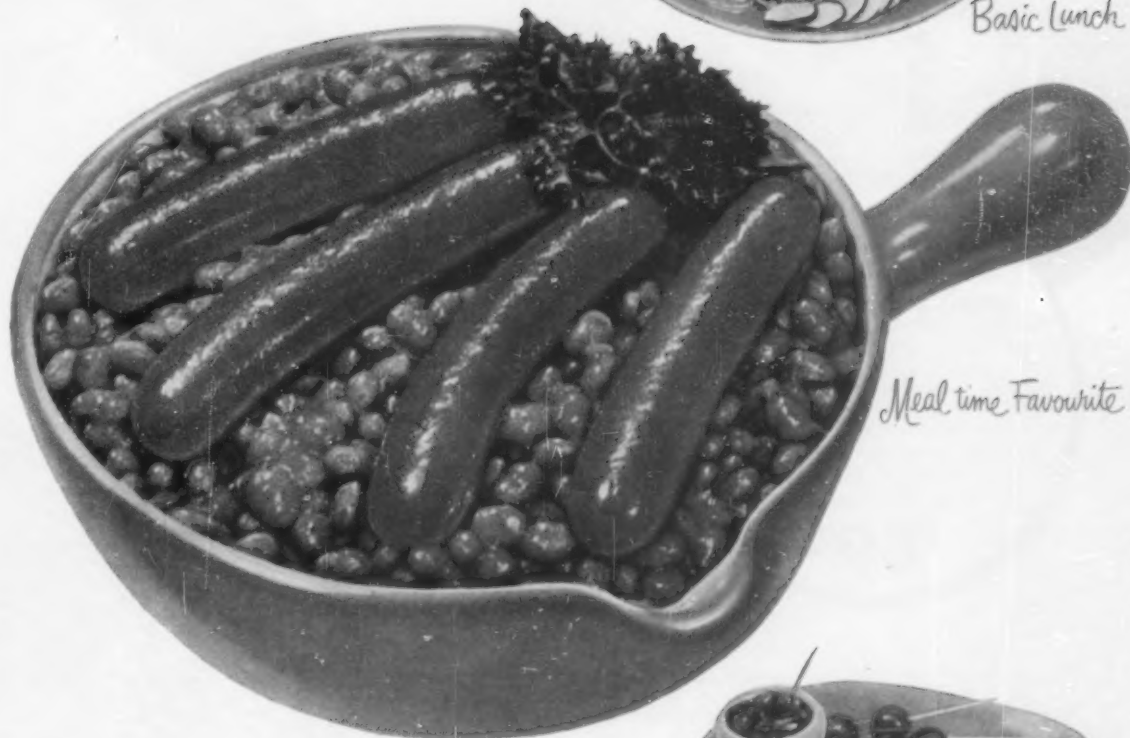
Dr. Francis James Milne, a graduate of the Royal Dick Veterinary College in Edinburgh, supervises the large-animal clinic where farmers from the surrounding districts bring cattle,



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sheep, pigs and racehorses. There is so much building going on around farms these days that a common ailment of cattle is what the vets call hardware disease, caused when cows swallow nails, hinges, wire and other bits of hardware they pick up around the barnyard.

To combat this ailment and other emergencies, Dr. Jones, the principal, started a traveling service last year with two veterinarians and three senior students standing ready to drive to the assistance of sick animals in the district.

A call from the farm of Tom Haines, eight miles north of Guelph, illustrates how the service works. When Dr. Douglas Maplesden and Dr. Jack Coté arrived they found a Holstein cow fussing and fretting in her stall. She had a fever, great pain and other indications that she'd probably swallowed a nail.

The two veterinarians decided the eight-mile haul to the OVC large-animal operating room was too risky since a nail in the wall of the second stomach is dangerously close to the heart sac. They'd have to operate then and there.

They rigged up an extension light, clipped the cow's right flank, blocked off the nerve from the spinal cord with a local anaesthetic and, with the cow standing in the stall, made an eight-inch incision. Then Coté reached into the animal's rumen (the largest of the four stomachs, which holds up to fifty gallons), cleaned out the undigested hay and oats and stretched his arm up into the second stomach. There he found the nail and removed it.

"The use of antibiotics has greatly increased the range of animal surgery," Maplesden says. "Now we can perform delicate operations, even Caesarian sections, right in the barnyard with a good chance of survival."

Farmers and veterinarians in the Guelph area frequently bring animals to OVC for X-ray. The college X-ray department is as complete as that in many hospitals. The attitude of the patients, however, is different. Edward J. Bishop, the precise little Englishman who heads the department, says, "You can't tell a dog to hold his breath. In fact, we get absolutely no co-operation from the animals at all."

To get around this, Bishop has devised some ingenious helps. Dogs and cats and other small animals used to be held in the arms of a student while the chest, stomach or pelvic X-rays were taken from the front, thereby exposing the student to excessive radiation. So Bishop rigged up a wooden troughlike holder into which the animal can be tied in any position and held still.

In the large-animal infirmary he has a mobile machine for taking shots of the lower limbs of cows and horses. Recently a racehorse was brought from Hamilton with a bad leg. Bishop dismantled his X-ray machine, placed the tube on a four-inch-high block of wood and, while a student held the film in a special metal holder (a Bishop invention) behind the bay stallion's left leg, took a couple of shots. The resulting plate showed a diagonal crack in a small bone above the hoof. "Without X-ray," Bishop points out, "that fracture could never have been detected."

Students also learn about the ailments of fur-bearing animals. Dr. Arnold Hugh Kennedy, head of this department, and his associates have saved fur ranchers hundreds of thousands of dollars. A few years ago mink ranchers lost hundreds of potential fur coats from a mysterious ailment they'd never seen before. Experiments at the college proved it to be a liver condition

caused by rancid fat that formed on meat kept in cold storage for mink food.

Sickness among chinchillas, too, can be costly. Not long ago a rancher brought in a dead animal for a post mortem, saying sorrowfully that two weeks before he'd refused twenty-three hundred dollars for it. Kennedy discovered it had died of a bacterial infection that causes abscesses to form in the intestines.

"Chinchillas get the strangest ailments," Kennedy explains. "For instance, they get a thing called slobbers which is caused by their front teeth growing too fast. A chinchilla's incisors will sometimes grow as much as four inches in a year. We learned to counteract this by putting pumice stone and other abrasives in their food to grind the teeth down."

Third and fourth year students spend two hundred and thirty-two hours studying the thousands of parasites that plague animals and cause an estimated loss to Canadian breeders of \$100 millions each year. Dr. Anthony Augustus Kingscote, head of the department of parasitology, explains that since animals pick up most of their food from the ground they are particularly susceptible to parasites. They get everything from minute protozoa, which can be seen only through a microscope and which cause such diseases as blackhead in turkeys, to tape worms six feet long. There are more than twelve hundred different species of lice alone, hundreds of intestinal worms and thousands of flies such as the warble fly which lives in cows' hides causing a yearly drop in milk production amounting to \$21 millions in Ontario alone.

Smith Ran the Whole Show

OVC students are proud of their college's history and traditions. In the faculty room there is an oil painting of a heavy-set determined-looking man with enormous shaggy mutton-chop whiskers, who would undoubtedly be surprised and a little disturbed by all these scientific goings-on. He is Andrew Smith, who founded the college in 1862.

Shortly before that time the government of Upper Canada and the University of Toronto had become alarmed by the animal plagues then sweeping Europe. So they invited Smith, a recent graduate of the Royal (Dick) School of Veterinary Studies in Edinburgh, to come to Canada and start a school. They gave him encouragement and a charter, but no money.

Smith, who has been described as a "canny Scot," and a "practical man," began giving lectures in the old Agricultural Hall at the corner of Yonge and Queen Streets in Toronto, and opened up a dissecting shed on nearby Temperance Street. He didn't worry much about academic standing. If a man had good common sense, a love of animals and a sixty-dollar fee, he was in. Nor did Smith take kindly to all the "scientific nonsense" then gaining ground. Years after Robert Koch had discovered the anthrax bacillus he ridiculed the whole idea and maintained that the real cause of the disease was faulty ventilation.

But Andrew Smith knew animals and he knew men. Until he retired in 1908 and the Ontario government took over the college and Dr. E. A. A. Grange became principal, he ran the whole show and was czar of the veterinary profession. In the forty-six years he ran it, his college graduated 3,365 veterinarians, more than any other veterinary college in North America.

It graduated such remarkable men as Dr. G. D. Rutherford, of the class



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of 1879, who became the first Veterinary Director General of Canada and laid down the rigid control policies (slaughter and compensation) that have kept the country so free from animal scourges. It was Rutherford, too, who, in the face of stiff opposition from medical men and scientists of the time, insisted that bovine tuberculosis spread to humans. He, more than anyone else, was responsible for the campaign against that disease in North America.

As the college grew it needed more space and more animals. So, in 1922, it was moved from Toronto to Guelph to be in the centre of a diversified livestock industry. Here, under the successive leadership of Dr. C. D. McGilvray, Dr. A. L. MacNabb and Dr. Jones, it has established itself as one of the top three veterinary colleges in North America (there are seventeen in the U. S.) and is fully accredited by the American Veterinary Medical Association, which means that its graduates qualify for official positions anywhere in the world.

Veterinary science has come a long way since the days of Andrew Smith when each vet was all things to all animals. As in human medicine, the trend is toward greater specialization. An OVC bulletin lists some of the specialties: animal pathologist, animal quarantine officer, bacteriologist, consulting veterinarian, food-control sanitary officer, food technologist, public-health veterinarian, research worker, small-animal practitioner, surgeon, teacher, artificial-insemination expert.

He Fights to Save a Calf

But the aim of the vet is still the same—to keep animals healthy and their reproduction rate high. Under Clifford Albert Barker, head of the division of animal reproduction, laboratories have been set up at OVC to study sterility in cattle. Artificial insemination is another major study. At the college, sperm has been kept in refrigerators at a hundred and five degrees below zero Fahrenheit and later used successfully.

Horse players who slap down a two-dollar bet on a three-year-old racehorse named Free Trade this summer can, if they win, thank OVC hematology professor Dr. Richard Humble and his assistants. Because of an Hs factor in horse blood (similar to the Rh factor in human blood) foals from certain dams and sires develop a fatal jaundice condition as soon as they nurse from their mothers. By cross-matching blood samples this condition can be predicted and then prevented by having a "wet nurse" for the foal. Many leading racehorse breeders now send blood samples of mares and studs to the OVC for cross-matching.

As a foal, Free Trade was subject to this Hs factor. He got to his mother and nursed from her. He would have died if a vet hadn't been handy to give him a complete replacement transfusion from another horse.

It's all part of the veterinarian's job. The modern vet is part scientist, part farmer, part teacher and wholly a lover of animals. He's a doctor in overalls. His job is to combat every affliction of bird and beast. He never stops preaching, arguing and threatening if necessary to establish sanitation in the barnyard and better living conditions for animals. He will fight for the life of a purebred Jersey calf the way a physician fights for the life of a baby. By teaching farmers how to breed for better production of meat or milk he saves us millions a year in food costs.

The Ontario Veterinary College is there to train him to do his job as it should be done. ★

That Yellow Prairie Sky

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

up. "They were too high and I was too anxious."

Julie looked at me and my gun and she blushed. "I didn't mean to insult your shooting. I've heard folks say you're one of the best shots around."

Funny thing. I was pretty good, but just about then I could've told a battalion of the Princess Pat's to back up and drop their guns.

It was then that the redhead, Kay, spoke up. "Really, I'm glad you missed. I hate to see things get killed."

Tom looked up at the distant ducks for a minute, and then he said, "As a matter of fact, I hate it myself." It was the first time I ever heard Tom say a thing like that. Most of the time you couldn't hold him.

There was a kind of a loss for words. Then Kay explained, "We're making boxes for the box social in the church hall tonight, and we're taking the short cut over to Rittner's place to borrow four little wheels that the Rittners have left over from the little toy wagon that Halberg's new automobile ran into."

"We're in a terrible hurry," Julie said, "so instead of going around by the road we're going to wade across Rittner's slough—"

And then they noticed it too, and before Tom could say he figured as much, they were in the slough wading above their knees.

"A nice pair of shafts," Tom commented.

"A dandy pair," I said. But I soon found out I was talking about a different pair.

That night at the box social Tom paid three dollars and a half for the lunch box that looked like a pink Red River oxcart with toy wagon wheels on it. He figured it was Kay's because she had red hair, and in a pinch we could make a switch.

Some religious fellow caught on to me and ran me up to five and a quarter on the yellow one. It was a great help to the church committee, and it looked like a fair enough investment otherwise. Sure enough, I got Kay's and I wanted Julie's, so Tom and I switched and the girls never caught on; or at least they never let on that they did.

Through the rest of the fall and during the winter Dad had to do the chores quite a few times by himself. Tom and I didn't miss a dance or a hayride or a skating party within trotting range of the finest team of dapple greys in the country. We didn't have all the fancy courting facilities that folks here in the east have, but we had lots of space and lots of sky. And we didn't miss much on a frosty night, the old buffalo robe doing whatever was necessary to keep warm . . .

The northern lights in the winter sky were a silent symphony: flickering white, fading red and green, growing and bursting and dying in swirls and echoes of swirls, in wavering angel-shadows, in shimmering music. And on one edge of the wide white prairie shone a solitary light, and toward it moved a sleigh with the jingle of harness, the clomp of hoofs, the squeak of runners on the snow; and the jingling, clapping, squeaking of the happy sleigh rose up like the horses' frozen breath to the silent music in the sky.

I GUESS we did pretty well. I remember the night we were driving home from a bean supper and a dance, and Julie said, "You're getting pretty free with your behavior."

"Well, you're going to be my wife soon enough," I said.

"It can't be soon enough," she whispered, and she pushed my arm away. Women are always contrary that way.

Tom and Kay were curled up at the back of the sleigh and they couldn't hear us.

"Let's get out and run behind for a ways," I said. "My feet are getting cold. And I can clap my hands."

"My feet are warm," she said.

"But mine aren't."

"You're just making that up because you're mad."

"Why would I be mad?"

"You're mad because I stopped you."

"Stopped me what?"

She didn't want to say it. "Nothing," she said.

"I think I'll get out and run behind by myself," I said. "Should I?"

She reached up and kissed me right on the mouth, cold and yet warm, and that was that as far as the running behind went.

"Let's talk," she said. "We've only been engaged since midnight, and here you want to act like we're married already."

"Who, me?" I said, trying to sound like I didn't know what she was talking about.

"Let's talk," she said.

"Talk," I said. "I'm all ears."

"Don't you want to talk?"

"Sure I want to talk. If I can get a word in edgewise."

"I can't get used to being engaged," she said. "I want to talk."

"What'll we talk about?" I said. "It seems to me we've done nothing but talk since last fall."

"Let's plan," she said.

That was the end of my plans.

"We're going to get married, remember?" she went on. "You asked me and I said yes before you had hardly asked the second time."

"You weren't so sure I'd ask a third time."

She soon changed that subject. "Kay said that she and Tom are going to build a house this fall."

"It's a good idea. Living on the home place is no good for them and no good for Ma and Dad."

"Why can't we build a house?"

"We got a shack on our place."

"Shack is right. One room and a lean-to."

"It's a roof."

"Kay and Tom are going to get a new bedroom suite and a new stove, and Kay is going to start making new curtains. I could start making new curtains too if we were going to have a new house with lots of windows."

"If we get a good crop, okay. But I got enough stashed away to get married on and put a crop in, and that's it."

"I want to make a nice home for you. We'll have a family."

"We might," I said. "But things'll have to pick up."

"Promise," she said.

"Sure enough," I said.

"I mean, promise we'll have a new house."

"Don't you think it would be better to wait and see?"

She didn't answer.

"We might flood out or dry out or freeze out. How do I know?"

She still didn't answer.

"What if it's a grasshopper year? What about wireworms and wild oats and rust and buckwheat?"

"Promise me," she said. "I don't even think you love me."

That was her final word.

I talked for another ten minutes about wireworms and rust, and after that things got quiet. We sat in that sleigh for an hour, our breath freezing in our scarves (twenty-seven below, it was), wrapped in a buffalo robe and

in each other's arms and never once did she speak. To a young fellow twenty-two years old it didn't make much sense. But I didn't push her away. She was soft and warm and quiet, and I thought she had fallen asleep.

"Okay," I said, finally. "Okay okay okay. I promise."

She snuggled closer.

WE HAD a double wedding in the spring.

Tom's father-in-law fixed up two granaries near the house and we held

the reception at his place. Everybody was there. My cousin had trouble with the pump, and while everybody was watching him trying to tap the keg, Tom came over to where I was watching the sky for a nice day and he shook my hand.

"We're the luckiest pair of duck hunters this side of the fourth meridian," he said. "We've each got a half section that's almost paid for, we've got a big crop to put in that'll put us on our feet, and we've each got the prettiest girl in the country. How do you like being a married man?"

"Yes sir," I said. I had one eye on a couple of my old sidekicks who were kissing the bride for the second time. "This here love business is the clear McCoy."

I remember that my cousin drew the first pitcherful just then, and it was all foam. But we were only just married...

The sky was the garment of love. It was a big sky, freckled with the stars of the universe; a happy sky, shrouding all the pain. It was the time of spring, and spring is love, and in the night sky arrow after arrow of honking geese winged across



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Address.....

the yellow moon, driving winter from the world.

Right after the wedding we moved into the shack and really went to work. I was busy from morning till night putting in a big crop, while Julie helped with the chores and looked after her little chicks and put in a big garden. When the crop was in we started on the summer fallow, and before that was done it was haying time.

At noon she brought dinner out to me in the field, out in the sun and the wind, and we sat side by side and talked and laughed, and the dust from my face got on hers sometimes, and sometimes I didn't get started quite on time. And the weather was good too...

In the evening a black cloud towered up in the west and tumbled over the land, bringing lightning and rain and hope. In the morning there was only a fragment of cloud; the dot worn on a woman's cheek beside a pair of beautiful eyes, and the beautiful sun in the fair blue sky sent warmth and growth into the earth, and the rain and the sun turned the black fields green, the green fields yellow.

I remember one Sunday we went over to Tom's for a chicken supper. Tom and Dad and I talked about the way the crops were coming along and where to get binder repairs, and we made arrangements to help each other with the cutting and stooking.

The womenfolk talked about their gardens and their chickens until Julie mentioned the drapes she was sewing. "I'm going to have one of those new parlors," she said, "one of those living room parlors with lots of windows, like in the magazines, and I'm making drapes for that kind of windows."

"I think I will too," Kay said. "Tom cut some of the nicest plans out of last week's Free Press. I hope the fall stays nice."

"My husband is even getting enthusiastic," Julie said, giving me a teasing smile. "I caught him holding up the drapes one day and looking at them."

Ma said she was crocheting some new pillow covers for all the pillows and easy chairs that seemed to be coming up, and she thought they all better get together and do some extra canning. Entertaining takes food.

Kay said, "Ma," meaning her mother-in-law, "you'll soon have your house all to yourself again. And since Tom is afraid he'll have to help with the washing, he's going to get me a new washing machine."

"We might pick up a secondhand car," Julie said, "if the crop on our breaking doesn't go down because it's too heavy."

I had mentioned it'd be something to tinker on during the winter.

It wasn't long before Julie was talking about the washing machine and Kay was talking about a second-hand car. Wheat was a good price that year.

We menfolk laughed at the women and we found a few things in the Eaton's catalogue that we could use ourselves. It seemed that somebody was always coming up with something new that we couldn't possibly do without.

After supper we all walked out to have a look at Tom's crop. Tom could even make a gumbo patch grow wheat.

I GUESS it happened a week later. I mean, the storm. Julie was working on her drapes. It was a hot day, too hot and too still, and in the afternoon the clouds began to pile up in the west...

The storm came like a cloud of white dust high in the sky: not black or grey like a rain cloud, but white; and now it was rolling across the heavens with a brute unconcern for the mites below, and

after awhile came the first dull roar. The hot, dead air was suddenly cool, stirring to a breeze, and then a white wall of destruction bridged earth and sky and moved across the land and crashed across the fields of ripening grain.

Old man Rittner saw it coming west of us, and he went out and drove his axe in the middle of the yard, figuring to split her. But she didn't split.

In fifteen minutes it was all over and the sun was shining as pretty as you please. Only there was no reason for the sun to shine. Our garden and our fields were flat, and the west window was broken, and half the shingles were gone from the shack. The leaves were half stripped from the trees, and the ground was more white than black and, I remember, the cat found a dead robin.

My wife didn't say a word.

I hitched up old Mag to the buggy and Julie and I drove over to Tom's place.

Tom was sitting on the porch steps with his head in his hands, and Kay was leaning on the fence, looking at

PRIVILEGE

Take note of the lowly snail, oh man,
And the turtle upon its axis;
Wherever these go,
Through sun or snow,
Their houses are free from taxes.

ELLIS OVESEN

her garden. It looked like they hadn't been talking much either.

I got out and walked over to Tom, and Julie stayed in the buggy.

"A hundred percent," I said.

"The works," he said. "And all I got is enough insurance to feed us this winter or to buy a ticket to hell out of here."

"The same with me," I said.

We couldn't think of much to say.

All of a sudden Tom almost shouted at Kay: "Say it and get it over with. If you want we'll go to the city and I'll get a job. I can get on a construction gang. They're paying good now. We'll get a washing machine and a secondhand car." He looked at his wheat fields, beaten flat. "We'll make a payment and get our own house."

He kicked at a hailstone.

"A house with big windows for my new drapes," Kay added.

Tom got up and he walked to the gate where Julie sat in the buggy. Kay and I, we stood there watching him, almost afraid of the storm in his eyes, and Kay looked at me as if I should stop him before he went and grabbed a pitchfork or something.

"Tom, I was joking," Kay said. "I don't need fancy curtains and a washing machine. And we never needed a car before. Did we, Tom? We got enough for us and Ma and Dad. Haven't we, Tom? And we got next year."

Tom snorted at that idea. He kicked open the gate and walked out toward the barn. There was so much helpless anger in him he couldn't talk.

Kay called after him. "We still got this, Tom." She was kind of crying. She scraped up a handful of black dirt and she held it out to him. "Look, Tom, we still got this."

Tom, he stopped in the middle of the yard and he turned around. For a long time he was only looking at Kay's hand.

All of a sudden he bent down like he was going to say a prayer or something. And he scooped up a handful of hailstones, and he flung them back at the sky.

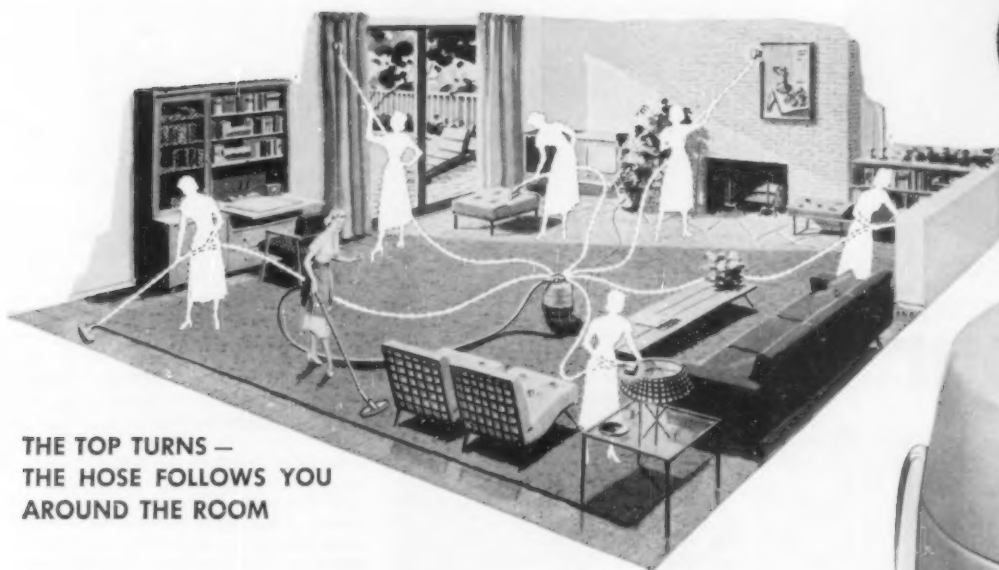
Like I say, my wife; she didn't say a word. ★



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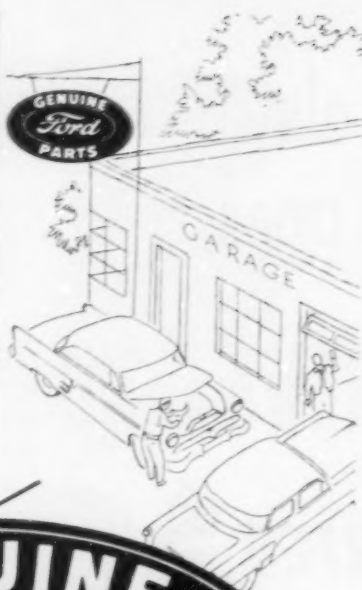


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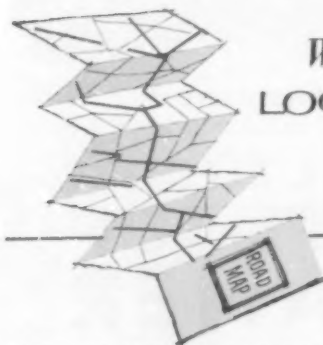
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Governor Simpson raced west to stem the American tide.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER

Continued from page 24

he was among the North West Company leaders arrested at Fort William, on Lake Superior, by young Lord Selkirk, who had arrived there with a private army to avenge the destruction of his Red River colony.

McLoughlin and the others were sent east by canoe as prisoners for trial in Montreal. They had not gone far from Fort William before their fleet of canoes was swamped by a sudden squall and McLoughlin crawled ashore half drowned. Escaping his captors, he set out immediately for York Factory, on Hudson Bay, where he demanded instant trial on Selkirk's baseless charge of murder at Seven Oaks. His honor, he said, must be vindicated.

The jury promptly acquitted him. He was ready for the incredible work of his life. It was made possible by the merger of the two great fur-trading companies after the exhaustion of their long war.

When Simpson picked McLoughlin to command the strategic post of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, the Hudson's Bay Company, having absorbed its rival, was the undisputed master of western America. Simpson, however, was wise enough to see, even then, that this mastery might not last long. It must face the challenge of the ravenous American republic, now marching slowly but surely toward the western sea. If anyone could hold the line of the Columbia that man, in Simpson's judgment, was McLoughlin.

As McLoughlin set out for Astoria (now renamed Fort George) he was followed, some weeks later, by Simpson from York Factory. To demonstrate the superior speed of the Emperor, Simpson overtook his lieutenant by racing from the shores of Hudson Bay to the Columbia in eighty-four days, a new transcontinental record.

In 1824 the two men, so far friendly but hastening toward their certain quarrel, wintered on the Pacific and in their lonely fur post discussed the chance of repelling the tide of American settlement.

It was hardly a trickle yet. Only a few independent fur traders had ventured into Oregon but they could be bought off or driven out by cutthroat competition among the Indians. Still, Simpson, the practical man of business, was not deceived. He knew what was coming and wrote his opinion in the locked diary (meanwhile gallantly resisting the efforts of the Indian Princess Chowie to bribe him into marriage with a dowry of a hundred beaver skins).

The principal western depot of his

company, Simpson noted, "should be situated North of this place, about Two or Three Degrees, at the mouth of Fraser's River." Such a post might hold the international boundary at or near that river, if Oregon was lost to the Americans, and it could launch Simpson's favorite project of trans-Pacific trade with the fur markets of China.

That suggestion of a more northern fort was only a shot in the dark then, but a sure shot. As Simpson surmised, the Fraser, not the Columbia, was the river of Canadian destiny, and it contained more in gold, adventure and politics than he or any man could guess. McLoughlin at once opposed the projected second line of defense. Oregon, he said, was the supreme prize and Oregon must be held.

The Last King in America

Simpson told him to hold it if he could. The fort of Astoria accordingly was moved to a better site, ninety miles up the Columbia. Simpson raised the Union Jack, broke a bottle of rum on the flagpole and named the new post Vancouver, a gesture of British power, after the captain who had wrongly claimed the river's discovery. Then the Emperor started eastward. To him Fort Vancouver was a brief stopping place in his perpetual roamings, a depot of trade and a doubtful gamble in international power. To McLoughlin it was the New Jerusalem.

He was now installed under the Emperor as king of a kingdom lying between the Rockies and the sea, from Russian Alaska to Spanish California—the last king in America and perhaps the most successful. His court was a massive banquet hall where no woman was ever allowed to enter; his attendants, Scottish pipers playing behind the throne; his subjects, a handful of traders and eighty thousand Indians; his methods, Spartan discipline mixed with devout religion and prodigal generosity to everyone. But no kingdom could long resist the western thrust of the republic.

The international boundary now ran unquestioned from the Atlantic to the Rockies. But both Britain and the United States claimed the wilderness of Oregon, occupied it jointly and left it under the patriarchal rule of McLoughlin.

Wherever he went the splendid figure of McLoughlin, with his silver mane, his flowing cloak and gold-headed walking stick, was revered by the

northwest tribes only this side of idolatry. As "Dr. John" he treated their diseases with extract of dogwood root, labored night and day through their plague of 1829, watched them leap, crazed with fever, into the Columbia and wept over their dead. Everyone, Indian or white, was welcome under his sprawling roof and many curious men turned up at Vancouver from the ends of the earth.

One of them was David Douglas, botanist of the Royal Horticultural Society of London. The natives held him in awe for his mysterious power over the creatures of the forest—an innocent fiction invented by McLoughlin. Often Douglas went short of clothing so that he might carry paper for his records and sketches as he added over a thousand strange plants to the science of botany and named the giant Douglas fir, containing within



A strange man named Douglas came and named a giant fir.

its wrinkled trunk the economic future of the Pacific coast.

Another guest at Vancouver was the British sea captain, Aemilius Simpson. He always wore kid gloves and, pulling them from his pocket one day, discovered some forgotten apple seeds presented to him by a lady in London for planting in the soil of Oregon. They were planted by the fort's gardener, Robert Bruce, their seedling shoots were eagerly watched by McLoughlin and their first apple was handed around so that all could taste it. That was the beginning of Oregon's great fruit industry.

Not all visitors were welcome. Herbert Beaver, a repulsive character who came as a missionary from England, sent home reports suggesting that McLoughlin's marriage was not quite legal. Hearing of this, McLoughlin caned his guest publicly in the yard of the fort but apologized next day. Beaver rejected the apology, preferring to return to London and spread more slanders.

Least welcome of all were the occasional American fur traders. None was molested, some were bought off, others driven out by cutthroat price competition. When Jedediah Smith, the famous trader and "praying man" of Salt Lake, was attacked by Indians on the coast, McLoughlin rescued him, recaptured his stolen furs and entertained him all winter. The two became fast friends, but by his presence in the fort Smith, quite innocently, was undermining his host's kingdom.

Smith's report to Washington warned the government that McLoughlin's influence over the Indians was "decisive" and described in minute detail his flourishing fields of grain, his cattle, apples and grapes. In thus

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EASY as CILTONE is to use, you'll get better results if you follow a few simple rules which apply to any painting job. First, walls, ceiling and woodwork should be clean and dry—free from grease, grime and dust. No paint—not even CILTONE—can give satisfactory results if the surface is at all damp and greasy.

Wash off dirt and grease thoroughly with a strong solution of any good cleaning powder. A cellulose sponge does an excellent job on smooth surfaces, but a soft brush is better on

rough walls. Wash the ceiling first, then the walls and finally the woodwork. If there is any dirt in baseboard corners and around door and window frames, scrape it away with a putty knife.

If the room was painted previously, scrape off any blisters or loose scale and, if necessary, sand these spots with fine sandpaper to get a smooth, even surface. You don't want plaster cracks, gouges and the like marring the new painted surface, so take enough time to fill them up before you start painting. Small cracks are easily filled with

what painters call "spackling" compound, but for larger cracks use patching plaster (you can get them both from your C-I-L Paint Dealer). Before using the patching plaster, wet the edges of the crack with water and sand the surface smoothly with fine sandpaper after the plaster dries.

CILTONE can be applied with either brush or roller, but most people find a roller faster and smoother than brushing. However, if you prefer a brush, the 4-inch size is about right for walls and ceilings, and a 2-inch brush for sash and door work.

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whetting the American appetite for the rich coastal soil Smith was too honest to hide his ambitions from his friend. The Americans, he said, would surely colonize Oregon. A few years later the Comanches murdered Smith on the Cimarron. McLoughlin grieved deeply.

Perhaps unconsciously his mind already was reconciling itself to Smith's prophecy. So far, however, he had never admitted to himself, much less to Simpson, that Oregon could be lost to Britain. He was constantly expanding his domain with a sawmill on the Willamette River, new posts in the mountains, a farming community on Puget Sound, a depot in Spain's San Francisco Bay, an agency in the Hawaiian Islands to sell his lumber and salmon, and, on the far northern coast, Fort Stikine, to trade in furs with the Russians in Alaska. Vancouver's sphere of influence now stretched from California to the latitude of fifty-four degrees, a parallel soon to enter international politics and the folklore of the American people.

Simpson watched this expansion with distrust. McLoughlin had been instructed to build an empire of fur. He seemed to be building something like a colony which, in the end, might prove fatal to the fur trade, and actually was building the foundations of the American republic on the Pacific. In any case, the Little Emperor could tolerate no rival. He was secretly jealous of McLoughlin's power and contemptuous of his openhanded ways with the American competitors.

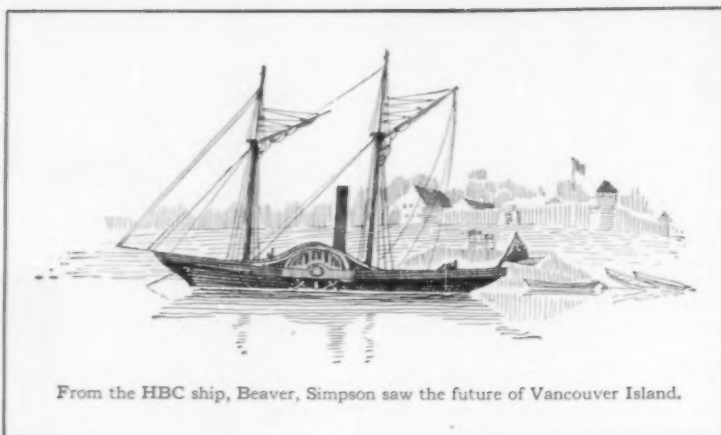
McLoughlin had indeed grown a little dizzy with success. His salary of twenty-nine hundred pounds a year was kingly. His word was law. No one in his great dining hall ventured to interrupt his oracular pronouncements on business, politics, philosophy, religion and the virtues of Napoleon Bonaparte. On a canoe journey across Canada to England in 1838 he regaled the startled Hudson's Bay factors of the prairies with praises of Papineau, the newly exiled rebel. Where would all this end? As the subtle mind of Simpson may have suspected, it would end in tragedy.

If he was too easy-going with the competitors and too prodigal with the company's money to suit Simpson, McLoughlin could be ruthless. The Clallam tribe having killed five of his traders he punished them by destroying their village and massacring twenty-five inhabitants.

The king's rule was absolute but at the heyday of his power the tragedy of McLoughlin had begun. He appointed his worthless son, John, to command the Stikine fort and there the youth was murdered by a mutinous crew in a drunken riot. The father was wild with grief and then with anger on learning that Simpson had released the confessed murderer. The quarrel between McLoughlin and Simpson, long growing out of business disputes but mostly out of their egocentric and incompatible natures, was now past curing. McLoughlin's furious letters to the company's headquarters in London attacked Simpson's policies, methods and lavish sexual morals.

Still, the business of the company must go on. Simpson foresaw the future more clearly, or at least admitted it more frankly, than McLoughlin. In Simpson's mind the original guess that the Columbia line could not be held, that the company must establish itself on the defensible line of the Fraser, had been confirmed by the American pressure on Oregon.

He had ordered the construction of Fort Langley, near the Fraser's mouth, in 1827. A single stake driven there did not satisfy him. Cruising up the coast



From the HBC ship, Beaver, Simpson saw the future of Vancouver Island.

in the Beaver, the company's steamship, he was struck by the possibilities of Vancouver Island, for it thrust well southward of the forty-ninth parallel into the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Its southern extremity and a safe harbor would make an ideal site for a fort to hold the island and, if necessary, a boundary through the strait. This was to prove Simpson's most important inspiration. It would largely determine in the end the western division of the continent.

The man who would thus anchor the boundary had lately arrived at Vancouver. He was a towering Scot of mysterious origins, swarthy skin, courtly manners, hard mind and glacial cold. Young James Douglas had learned the fur trade in Fraser's New Caledonia and narrowly escaped with his life from the Indians there. He immediately took over the management of McLoughlin's business and became his silent alter ego. The two men, with their lively halfbreed wives and numerous children, lived apart as a remote aristocracy. McLoughlin and "Black" Douglas dined with visitors in the central hall while their women were forbidden any company.

He Had to Ruin a Friend

This comfortable life could not continue. The exotic little growth planted by McLoughlin on the Columbia must perish in the storm of imperial power now sweeping across America or become part of the larger growth of the American republic, of which the first portents were a few destitute and starving missionaries from Boston. They had crossed the plains by covered wagon, with ghastly hardship, and slid down the river on rafts.

In 1834 McLoughlin had confronted the visage of Manifest Destiny in the person of Jason Lee, a lanky young Methodist minister "with strong nerve and indomitable will." Lee had been moved by a delegation of Flathead Indians seeking the word of God at St. Louis, and felt called to duty among them.

The little band of missionaries was guided across the plains and mountains by Nathaniel Wyeth, an enterprising merchant whom McLoughlin liked at first sight. His own Christianity rising above the interests of his company, McLoughlin warmly welcomed the tattered travelers but discreetly directed Lee to the Willamette Valley, south of the Columbia, that essential line of British power.

Wyeth was not to be diverted so easily. He decided, against McLoughlin's honest advice, to build his own trade post on Sauvé Island, directly west of Vancouver. It saddened McLoughlin to ruin his new friend but, in loyalty to the company, the menace of Sauvé post must be removed. The

Indians, accordingly, were persuaded to boycott the American trader. Within two years he was bankrupt.

This kind of interference could not retard the westering tide of American settlement now rising east of the Rockies and fed by missionary fervor, land hunger and the chance of commercial profit.

Soon there arrived at Vancouver, via Mexico, the "penniless and ill-clad" figure of Hall J. Kelley, the ardent Boston schoolteacher who had long preached the American colonization of Oregon. McLoughlin recognized him as the archenemy. Kelley, he noted, was garbed in "a white slouched hat, blanket capote, leather pants with a red stripe down the seam—rather outré even for Vancouver," and besides, he was a horse thief. This charge, made against Kelley and his guide, Ewing Young, in Mexico, was untrue but McLoughlin believed it and treated the two Americans coldly. After being housed, fed and ignored all winter Kelley went home hating McLoughlin as a "prosecuting monster" and continued his crusade for an all-American Oregon.

Next came Samuel Parker, the "plug-hat missionary" in torn clerical clothes, to spy out the land for his eastern followers. Then, in 1836, Dr. Marcus Whitman and his bride, the lovely Narcissa, on an odd coast-to-coast honeymoon by wagon. They were accompanied by Henry Spalding, a missionary, and his wife, these two women being the first to cross the Rockies.

The American missions, dauntless among the tribes of the coast and interior, and highly practical in their business management, were now firmly established. They asked the protection of Congress for their lands. Lee went east to raise money by lectures on the religious needs and natural riches of the west. The American public was excited by his news, the government disturbed by McLoughlin's hold on Oregon. It was time to find out what had happened to a joint occupation which apparently had turned into a British monopoly.

Captain William A. Slacum was therefore sent to Vancouver by sea as "a private gentleman." The disguise failed to deceive McLoughlin but Slacum was royally entertained and the business affairs of the company opened to him.

His report to the government repaid McLoughlin's kindness by the false charge that the company enforced slavery among the Indians. Slacum's findings were to prove vital in the future of the Pacific coast. They urged the government to demand the forty-ninth parallel as the international boundary and rightly insisted that the Puget Sound country, providing the only secure harbors north of San

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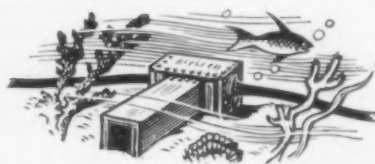
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Francisco, was too valuable a prize to be lost. The government began to think increasingly of Oregon where the United States had planted a few men of God and a handful of godless traders but no settlement.

McLoughlin also had been thinking his own thoughts. He had long realized that settlement could not be avoided south of the Columbia and had quietly encouraged it there to prevent it spreading north of the river.

The case of Louis Labonté, a Canadian servant of the company, had plainly indicated years before the future of this fertile soil. Labonté had finished his term of service, had secured his discharge and proposed to farm in the Willamette Valley.

Alarmed at this first prospect of settlement, McLoughlin sent Labonté home to Montreal, according to the strict letter of his contract. This determined man paddled back across the continent and cleared his farm. A Canadian from the St. Lawrence had begun the private settlement of Oregon—a small beginning, a few acres. But nothing thenceforth could suppress it.

McLoughlin made no serious attempt to stop other settlers and constantly twisted the company's regulations to help them. The minute but spreading farms on the Willamette, little known to the statesmen of Washington and London, were perhaps the most significant speck of land at the moment in America. If crops would grow in Oregon the land-hungry Americans, now halfway across the dry plains, would certainly try to possess this abundant and well-watered earth. The Hudson's Bay empire was doomed by such unnoted men as Louis Labonté with his lonely plow. And, though he did not know it yet, even McLoughlin, the Canadian from Rivière du Loup, the Empire's defender, the king of Oregon, was being sucked day by day into the republic.

In 1841—the year before Elijah White's first immigrant caravan rolled over the Oregon trail—Simpson's erratic travels brought him to Vancouver. He and McLoughlin agreed that the final crisis of Oregon was at hand. They

masked their quarrel and, outwardly polite, conferred on strategy.

It was essential, said Simpson, that Britain escape without more delay from the long-standing temporary arrangements and assert its control of Oregon before the Americans could occupy it. The crafty Scot, knowing the ways of politicians in London, suspected that they would surrender in the pinch. Therefore, his original project of a second line in the vicinity of the Fraser, with an anchoring fort on Vancouver Island, could be postponed no longer. McLoughlin approved. He saw his kingdom slipping from him.

Who should be selected for the task of holding the future boundary in the Strait of Juan de Fuca? The choice was obvious: "Black" Douglas, the silent man who had long been the king's prime minister in Oregon, was sent north in 1843 and built the new post of Camosun, soon to be called Victoria. It stood on the east side of a snug harbor, safe from the Songhees Indians' village on the western side; it fronted on Fuca's Strait and, though it was only a palisade and a few white-washed buildings, it must soon become a vital strategic point in the North American struggle.

A New Western Boundary

Douglas, without knowing it, held in his competent hands the future of Canada as a transcontinental state. And far away, on the other side of the continent, in the town of Kingston, Douglas' unseen partner, John A. Macdonald, was still practicing law, learning politics, drinking too much whisky and little supposing that he would carry Canada to the Pacific some thirty years hence.

In London, meanwhile, the Hudson's Bay Company was bestirring itself. Governor John Henry Pelly had read with alarm Simpson's urgent dispatches from Oregon. The agreement of joint occupancy and free trade had ended in 1828 and had been renewed indefinitely, either side free to abrogate it with a year's notice. Britain and the United States still could not agree on a

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PART SIX OF BRUCE HUTCHISON'S THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER

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"I brought a treasure back, me lads!"

The Captain said with a grin.

"I loaded the hold with Black and Gold . . .

It's waiting now at the inn."

He skimmed his hat to the top of the pole

And said, "Till it comes down

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permanent settlement. Pelly continually urged Foreign Secretary Canning to prepare his final bargaining terms.

Britain's position looked strong. The American movement into Oregon so far was only a trickle. Washington statesmen seemed little interested in this distant territory, being much more concerned with the Spanish possessions of the southwest. Britain, said Pelly, should propose a boundary from the forty-ninth parallel at the Rockies southwards on the height of land to a point where Lewis and Clarke had crossed the mountains, at about forty-six degrees, then westerly along "Lewis' River" until it fell into the Columbia, thence straight to the sea.

This settlement, Pelly thought, would be generous to the Americans—so generous that when McLoughlin first heard of it by delayed dispatches he was outraged. Invaluable fur areas, he protested, would be cut out of his kingdom south of the Columbia and Vancouver's trade ruined.

Already he had seen such Yankee skippers as Captain William McNeill sailing into the Columbia, offering ridiculous prices for furs and delighting the Indians with the new temptations of toys, whistles, wooden soldiers, jumping jacks and other gimcracks from New England.

The company, after its experience of nearly two centuries, thought it knew best. It proposed that Canning demand far more than he could hope to get. He should insist at the beginning on a boundary well south of the Columbia so that, in the ultimate division, he could offer large concessions to the Americans, and feigning surrender, could retreat to the river line.

All this subtle strategy of the last ten years was now obsolete and McLoughlin knew it when, in 1843, Douglas was building Fort Victoria and nine hundred Americans of the "Great Migration" reached the Willamette Valley. A trickle became a flood. The company had brought in a few Canadian farmers from the Red River colony but their numbers only proved that in the contest of settlement Canada must lose. It lacked the population for such a struggle while the republic was bursting with eager immigrants.

The private surrender of McLoughlin also had begun. At first he gave the American settlers credit at his store, contrary to the company's instructions, to keep them alive, though he knew that many of these debts would never be repaid. The flood still rose. The Indians having assembled around Vancouver for a general massacre and announced that "It's good for us to kill these Bostons," McLoughlin rushed among them, brandishing his cane, and forestalled what might have turned into a general Indian war and another familiar clash between Britain and the United States.

Under this kind of pressure the ageing man suffered a fierce struggle of conscience. He had recently returned to his mother's religion, taken the communion of the Roman Catholic Church and ratified by solemn rites the secular marriage of the Canadian frontier. As his mind mellowed the American settlers began to look less like enemies than friends, the American republic more congenial than the rule of a distant London and its hateful agent, the Little Emperor.

Simpson's worst suspicions would have been confirmed if he had seen McLoughlin board a visiting American ship of war and salute the Stars and Stripes. By this gesture the king of Oregon showed the first outward sign of his conversion.

The increasing settlers of the Wil-

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

lamette—as is the nature of all North Americans — were demanding self-government at their town of Oregon City. McLoughlin was able to postpone this movement briefly by his influence over the *Canadiens*, his own people. On May 2, 1843, however, an open-air meeting resolved by a majority of two votes to establish a local administration forthwith. Those two votes came from *Canadiens* who resented Canada's treatment of Papi-neau. Even Oregon felt the backwash of the Canadian Rebellion.

McLoughlin abandoned his attempt to control the settlers. They were passing their own laws, levying taxes and seeking admission to the Union. One-man rule west of the Rockies had closed. McLoughlin faced the supreme decision of his life.

A Sad King in Exile

Actually the decision had been taken out of his hands. More immigrants were pouring in, fourteen hundred in 1844. Without British military power behind him, probably without a continental war, McLoughlin could not hold the Columbia line against such numbers. His appeals to London, his hint that he might be elected to lead an independent State of Oregon, went unheeded. He was too old, too tired by his prodigal life, too disillusioned with the company to fight any more.

Next year the settlers elected George Abernethy as their governor. McLoughlin knew this was the end. He formally agreed, on Aug. 15, 1845, to "support the Organic Laws of the Provisional Government of Oregon." His resignation went to London. The king had abdicated. His retreat to Oregon City with his family was a king's voluntary exile. It had been his own manifest destiny from the beginning. And when he built a huge house for himself there and applied for American citizenship the long adventure of the boy from Rivière du Loup was complete. There would never be its like again.

He lived eleven years in exile, more as a legend than a man. The Americans eventually granted him citizenship, they observed the giant stooped figure in old-fashioned clothes moving about the streets but he had no influence in a bustling little community which be-

came a territory of the United States in 1848.

He was suspect as a former Briton, a retired dictator and a Catholic. His private land claim was stolen from him by endless litigation, a bitter quarrel with the Methodist Church and some high-class finagling in congressional politics. He was compelled to recoup the Hudson's Bay Company out of his own pocket for all the credits extended to the American settlers who now refused to honor their debts and treated their benefactor almost as an outcast. Sometimes the old man would fall to sobbing over his old account books, the lost assets, the unpaid debts, the memories of better times.

"By British demagogues," he wrote in his final testament, "I have been represented as a traitor. What for? Because I acted as a Christian, saved American citizens, men, women and children, from the Indian tomahawk . . . American demagogues have been base enough to assert that I had caused American citizens to be massacred by hundreds of savages—I who saved all I could . . . I founded this settlement and prevented a war."

He got no thanks for this in life. Americans of Oregon had yet to recognize the father of their state. The republic little noted the broken man who, more than any other, had carried it, as a British subject, to the Pacific coast. On his death bed—looking, as a Washington visitor observed, "the picture of General Jackson"—he said he would have been better shot forty years ago. He had now reverted to the French language of his youth on the St. Lawrence.

"Comment allez-vous?" asked his doctor and nephew, Henri De Cheane. "A Dieu," murmured the deposed king of Oregon and passed into American history. In good time it would vindicate him.

With McLoughlin passed the infamy of the west. ★

NEXT ISSUE: PART SIX

**The Two Peers
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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

pleasant land to prevent golf for that particular week end. Ah well, it would give the caddies and the staff a much needed rest. The next week end it rained without a stop, which was admirable. It cleaned away the murky snow and it also gave the caddies and the staff another much needed rest.

February was nearly finished—could spring be far behind? Bingo! The stock market crashed and, simultaneously, the ice age descended on Great Britain!

You fellows in Winnipeg think you know all about winter just because the Arctic wind gets a five-hundred-mile start across the prairies, and even you fellows in Montreal get excited because you have a mountain somewhere for skiers to break their limbs on.

Having today drunk four gallons of hot lemonade, and still being of sound mind, I say that you are a bunch of sissies in Canada. You don't know what a winter is until you have seen one over here.

It hit us in Britain like a blast from the Arctic. Not since Napoleon's retreat from Moscow has there ever been such a winter as this one. From my bed I can see the snow-laden trees of my garden and the white roofs beyond. There is no wind. The snow has occupied London like a silent invading army and has no intention of going.

In Scotland the call for help went out from isolated villages. They were cut off and food supplies were running short. In other parts of the country omnibuses were buried in banks of snow, and many trains were hours out in their schedule.

Full of my reserve of warm summer sunshine I read of all these things as

one living in another world. It is true that when the Tory party headquarters called up to know if I would address a seaside meeting in place of Mr. So and So who had been taken ill, I felt a slight chilling of the spirit, but only for a moment. Bring on your seaside! I shall be there.

Another urgent telephone call. Would I take the place of Sir Somebody Somebody and respond to the toast to the Conservative Party at the Guildhall dinner of the Worshipful Dog-Skinners Company? Certainly. Give my regards to Sir Somebody Somebody and tell him I would never let the Dog-Skinners down.

The rumor of my healthy condition spread and the telegrams multiplied. I began to feel like a new version of the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled. At the week end there was no golf anywhere. Certainly the club staff and the caddies were having a well deserved rest.

A Chorus of Loud Sneezes

Then on a Friday night I traveled a few miles by car to the singularly enlightened and salubrious North London borough of Southgate. For twenty years I have represented this beauty spot in parliament (we really have the most wonderful parks) and on the third Friday of each month I hold an "advice evening" at our local party headquarters. With a Conservative county councilor on my right, and with a Conservative borough councilor on my left, we deal with the problems of individuals regardless of party affiliations.

No one could say that our Southgate headquarters are stuffy. The air circulates freely from room to room, and since central heating is a luxury confined to the weaker peoples of the

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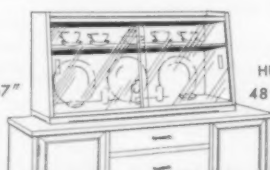
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world, we in Britain face the weather undaunted and unbowed.

It was, I think, the county councilor who first emitted a loud sneeze while a young woman was explaining that her husband was not fit for national military service. As a matter of fact the county councilor also scored with the second and third sneezes. After that both the local borough councilor and I took up the challenge.

Then a fifteen-mile drive home and so to bed with a hot whisky and lemon as a comforting companion. To sleep, perchance to dream. Home is the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill. From my wide-open window on the garden the nearby roofs looked like Moscow before the Russians smoked out Napoleon and his army. Winter had come to London, and had come to stay.

Who was the man of noble character who invented that companion of the night known as the hot-water bottle? What a friend it is!

But I must complain in the morning. This bottle is not nearly hot enough. In fact it does not warm my feet at all. This is very odd. When did I last have cold feet? . . . Good night you frozen roofs . . . Good night you white-clad branches . . . Good night sweet Moscow on the Thames . . .

"YOU'VE just caught one hell of a chill," said the doctor with an odd choice of metaphor. "But a week in bed with lots of hot whisky and lemon will put you right."

"And then what?"

The doctor, who was substituting for my usual friend and medical adviser, looked at me with an air of profound scientific sagacity. "Well, what you ought to do is to go somewhere and get some sun. You're starved of sunlight."

Stephen Leacock once said that the first thing that struck an Englishman visiting America was the Statue of Liberty. "It is the first thing that could reach him," added Leacock grimly.

I must say I would have liked to have tapped that doctor on the snout. Sun! I am burned, fried, bronzed and baked with sun. Even in bed now I could pass for a Nigerian with a slight pallor. Must I go back to the Bahamas for another sun cure so as to be able to face the rigors of the coming British summer?

No! That was the great mistake. The only way to live in Britain is to live in Britain. There's no harm in a week-end hop to Monte Carlo or a few days' tumble in the snow in Austria, but stay away from the blessed sun-baked islands of the Caribbean where the coral strands and the sapphire blue of the sea lure you like sirens.

Unflinchingly, with courage undaunted, I face the prospect of the British summer which will set in with its usual severity about Aug. 1. I shall not flee the beloved country. On the contrary I shall stay right here with the Scots, the Welsh and the English and we shall keep our chins up—well above water. ★

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How They'll Blow Up Ripple Rock

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

every other form of turbulence known to nautical science. At low water the two highest bumps of Ripple Rock threaten the keels of thousands of craft as they plow along one of the world's busiest lanes. Mariners call them the worst hazard to navigation on the west coast of North America.

Engineers do not believe that the removal of Ripple Rock's peaks will slow the current or appreciably diminish the turmoil since the great hulk of the rock will still lie below. But they say the operation will assure a minimum depth of forty feet of water and therefore vessels swept across it will have plenty of clearance.

The artificial earthquake inside Ripple Rock will not pass without protest. Up in the geyser of foam, debris, steam, smoke and fish will go two and a half million dollars of Canadian taxpayers' money, British Columbia's last hope of

a bridge between Vancouver and Victoria, and one of the most durable bones of contention that ever vexed the federal parliament.

In the thinly settled territory of mountains, forests, islands and bays, fifteen miles north of Campbell River—the most northerly town on the east coast of Vancouver Island—the eruption will stun or stampede bears, cougars and deer, break every closed cabin window for twenty-five miles around, belch up a tidal wave that will pulverize any boat left on nearby beaches, and cover adjacent summits

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In 1752, men and women in Halifax were reading the first Canadian newspaper, *The Halifax Gazette*. Anthony Henry was its publisher from 1761 on.



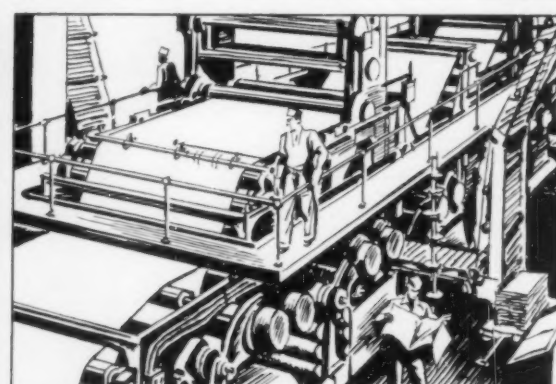
The Gazette had depended on government support. When this patronage shifted, *The Gazette* died. But Henry was determined. In 1769 he launched *The Nova Scotia Chronicle and Weekly Advertiser*, first Canadian newspaper entirely dependent on the support of the general public.



Meanwhile, other newspapers were rising—meeting the growing public demand for news, opinion, entertainment.



Soon, newspapers were everywhere. Government support was no longer necessary, for newspapers attracted private financial backing.



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Ideas for knocking out Ripple Rock have ranged from plastering it with army mortars, navy torpedoes and air-force blockbusters to vaporizing it with an atomic bomb. In 1943 and 1945 costly attempts to blow off its two domes—by drilling dynamite holes from a barge tossed wildly on the surface—failed miserably and convinced the federal government that a new approach was necessary. The big bang now being planned will follow two years of tunneling out to the rock from the Maud Island shore, honey-combing Ripple Rock with passages, and stuffing these with five hundred and fifty tons of a new explosive named nitro-ne.

The reason why Ripple Rock was not attacked until the last war lies in the fact that for more than half a century it was the subject of a bitter argument between British Columbia's chief cities, Vancouver and Victoria.

Three generations of Vancouver ship-owners used nouns like fang, tusk, barb, horn and spike to describe its gouging effect on the underbelly of a ship and metaphors like "a lurking jackal," "a snake in the grass," "a sabre-toothed shark," "a beast of prey," and "a two-headed monster" to sum up its malignity. But three generations of Victoria industrialists fought equally hard for the rock's preservation on the grounds that it is the only natural feature in the Strait of Georgia on which a railway bridge could be supported, and as such their one hope of realizing their aspirations for direct connections with the mainland.

Fed Up With a Nightmare

Uncertain which side it was more politic to please, Ottawa debated the pros and cons of the argument from Confederation to World War II. The late Senator Gerry McGeer, a long-time mayor of Vancouver, who was perpetually and vociferously in favor of a government sledge-hammer blow on the rock, put down the delays to "the stultifying influence of canoe-minded eastern bureaucrats." So hot was feeling in the other camp that the late Thomas Sorby, a Victoria engineer, once threatened to organize a movement for provincial secession from Canada if one nodule on Ripple Rock's pates was harmed.

The federal government's vacillation ended in 1942 when the United States, worried about the safety of ammunition ships bound for Alaska and the Aleutians, demanded the decapitation of the two-headed bogey.

Attempts in 1943 and 1945 by the British Columbia Bridge and Dredging Company to drill dynamite holes into Ripple Rock proved a fiasco. The failures raised mingled shouts of Vancouver rage and Victoria glee, wasted nearly a million dollars, and provoked Alphonse Fournier, the harassed Minister of Public Works, to cry in the House of Commons: "I am disgusted with Ripple Rock. Let somebody else deal with it for a change."

So the rock sat there, a nightmare obstacle to the steamers that carry one hundred and fifty thousand passengers a year from Prince Rupert, B.C., and Ketchikan, Alaska, to Vancouver and Seattle; to the two thousand freighters, bearing cargoes worth thirty million dollars a year; and to the seven thousand tugs, barges and small craft mainly engaged in moving to market the produce of logging, pulping, mining, fishing and canning settlements in fjords all up the coast.

These vessels have to dodge enormous Pacific tides which surge through the narrows like a millrace. Were it not for Ripple Rock the flow would at least be

smooth. But the clenched fist of Ripple Rock blocks the middle and turns it into a maelstrom. It's a submarine knoll, three thousand feet long and fifteen hundred feet thick at its base, tapering as it rises to a ridge more than three hundred feet high. The row of knuckles along its top are almost bare.

Twice a day, for periods lasting between twenty and forty minutes, there is a phase known to mariners as slack tide. One is the high-water slack, the other the low-water slack. It is the moment of pause between the turn of the flood into the ebb tide and vice versa. During this interval the waters in Seymour Narrows become relatively placid. On a calm day, for example, daring men in small boats have sailed right over Ripple Rock and sighted the two highest knuckles as they gleamed, greenish and sinister, below the surface. At low-water slack the knuckles are always within striking distance of the average steamer's keel. Ships have to sail the narrows during both low- and high-water slack as these are the only times when navigation is possible. Even then there are often wind and water forces powerful enough to drive a ship that gets slightly off course up against the rock itself or into the jagged walls of the narrows.

The opportunity to dart through this natural conduit at slack tide rarely lasts for more than half an hour. Every year millions of voyage hours are lost as ships line up to await the critical moment. During some slack tides the traffic is so heavy that in the words of Jack Scott, the Vancouver Sun columnist, "Seymour Narrows become as busy as Granville Street."

No single major disaster has ever been precipitated by Ripple Rock. In 1946, however, the Vancouver Merchants' Exchange, an organization of industrial, commercial and shipping interests, pointed out, in a petition to the government asking for a third attempt to blunt the rock, that this was "due solely to the grace of God." The reminder was superfluous for one year earlier a wreck had occurred which, but for the grace of God, might have wrecked the government itself on the rock of public opinion.

This was the foundering of the Department of Transport's hydrographic survey ship, James S. Stewart, a floating laboratory worth more than a million dollars, which struck Ripple Rock, ironically enough, when she was checking its charted contours. Among the crew of sixty-five were seven women cooks and stewardesses who'd been signed on to relieve the wartime manpower shortage. All were married and some were mothers. One of them, Bridget Ann Burns, was ironing in her cabin below decks. The impact knocked her off her feet. Then a rush of water made contact with her iron plug and she was knocked down by electric shock. By the time she staggered to the companionway the water was up to her knees and she had been scalded by a plume of steam.

Captain J. J. Moore managed to drive his stricken ship to the shore of the narrows one thousand feet away and ground her. The crew reached dry land only after a desperate struggle.

A few minutes after the crew reached safety the ship was lifted off the bottom by a rising tide. She slipped out into the stream and sank. Thousands of dollars worth of technical equipment was ruined. She is in service again today but it cost a quarter of a million dollars to raise and repair her.

"That wreck," cried Gerry McGeer, "was the most damning, devastating and inevitable rebuke that ever incarnadined the stony face of officialdom."

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public uproar by wartime censorship and the preoccupation of the Press with approaching victory in Germany. But the government regarded its lesson as salutary and from that day Ripple Rock has been doomed.

The explosion due two summers hence will be based on years of pondering and planning. Captain George Vancouver is believed to have been the first white man to eye the reef. He sailed his ship *Discovery* through Seymour Narrows in 1792. Modern yachtsmen marvel that such a feat could be accomplished without power. Furthermore, Vancouver's log suggests that he went up the wrong side of the narrows, the west side, instead of the far safer east side used by today's steamers. He also seemed just as worried about the hostile Yucalta Indians lining the shores as he was about Ripple Rock and he christened Seymour Narrows Yucalta Narrows after them.

According to Yucalta legends the highest peak of Ripple Rock rose much closer to the surface centuries ago and young braves would show off by standing on it at low tide with the water up to their waists. Contemporary Indians in Campbell River say that the rock vibrated so much under the daredevils' feet that their cheeks shook. An old Yucalta custom was to take out an unfaithful wife, stand her on the rock, and leave her there to be carried away by the rising tide.

A story in Campbell River is that Ripple Rock's first victim among white men's ships was a Russian man-of-war in the days when Russia owned Alaska. But records of wrecks do not begin until 1875, thirty years after the narrows had been renamed for Sir William Seymour, a Royal Navy commander at Esquimalt, the naval base on Vancouver Island. In that year two U. S. warships, *Saranac* and *Wachusett*, both manning a hundred guns, smacked into Ripple Rock one after the other and sank in the seventy-foot-deep saddle between the two summits. In 1884, the third and last warship to hit Ripple Rock came along. She was the Royal Navy vessel *Satellite*. The captain managed to beach her and save the crew.

Among the officers was Midshipman B. M. Chambers, who, sixty-two years later, when he had risen to the rank of admiral, wrote: "I recall *Satellite* steaming up at a speed of thirteen knots and getting caught in the swirling torrent of Seymour Narrows like a chip in a gutter. We were swept into the very centre of the pass. I saw the up-right waves above Ripple Rock seemingly rush toward us. I felt the ship heel over as her keel caught the top of the rock. For a moment we hung. Then we were free with the loss of forty feet of our false bottom. With that memory in mind I shall never believe that engineers can attack the rock successfully from the surface of the water."

It was Admiral Chambers' letter, written in 1946 to the Vancouver Province from his home in Chagford, Devonshire, England, that did much to persuade the government to tackle the rock by tunneling underneath it.

Between Chambers' experience in *Satellite*, and Bridget Burns' experience in the *James S. Stewart*, the following big vessels became partial or total wrecks through colliding with Ripple Rock or being driven ashore by currents glancing off it: 1900: *Amur* and *Spokane*; 1902: *Bonita*; 1906: *Thetis*; 1916: *Princess Maquinna*; 1919: *Princess Ena*; 1920: *Prince George*; 1929: *Greylock* and *Aleutian*; 1943: *Donna Lane*; 1944: *Lakima*.

The *Lakima*, an American ship, was carrying a hundred servicemen from wartime stations in Alaska and the

Aleutians. All of them owe their lives to Milton Adams and his wife, a cheerful middle-aged couple who keep a hunting and fishing resort on a lonely shore of Plumper Bay, just north of Seymour Narrows.

As she entered the narrows from Plumper Bay the *Lakima* was picked up by a current and carried beam on into Ripple Rock, which shaved off her rudder and propeller. Another current washed her onto the Vancouver Island shore where she lay in danger of breaking up. In answer to a telephone SOS from the Campbell River RCMP—a common event in their lives—the Adamses raced out in their powerful launch through a heavy rainstorm and removed the passengers in relays. The rescue took more than two hours.

Even then their work wasn't finished. The Adamses threw a line to the stern of the *Lakima* and, by racing the engine of their launch, managed to keep the big ship at right angles to the shore and thus half afloat. When the tide turned north and lifted the *Lakima's* bows off the beach, the Adamses, with the help of the northbound current, managed to tow the big ship to a beach in Plumper Bay, where she was salvaged.

Milt Adams has lost count of the small-boat navigators he and his wife have rescued. "Must be around twenty," he says. Once two American anglers ventured into the narrows in a small outboard, jostled with a couple of back eddies, then hastily landed on a remote beach. The Adamses saw their signal fire and brought them into their resort for the night. Next day, against Adams' advice, they decided to try to make their way back through the narrows. That night the Adamses saw another signal fire. This time, instead of bringing the Americans to their resort, they conveyed them in stony silence to Campbell River.

The only fisherman known to have survived a voyage right over Ripple Rock at high tide is Campbell River's Gus Clements. It was about ten years ago when he was new to the district and foolish enough to ask a garage hand whether the tide was okay for passage through Seymour Narrows. The garage hand consulted the tide book, an item in nearly every Campbell River home, but looked up the wrong month.

Clements, who was bound north, set off at dusk. He was alone. He intended to go up the east side of the

The Key Figures In the Long Fight To Blow Up Ripple Rock

Engineer Victor Dolmage is drilling a tunnel from shore.



They want to see the rock go



Angler Gus Clements (l) went over at high tide — and lived.



Milt Adams and his wife saved a hundred men in a troopship.

They want to see it stay



Victoria Mayor C. L. Harrison. His city wants a bridge on it.



Writer Roderick Haig-Brown warns: "Don't upset nature."

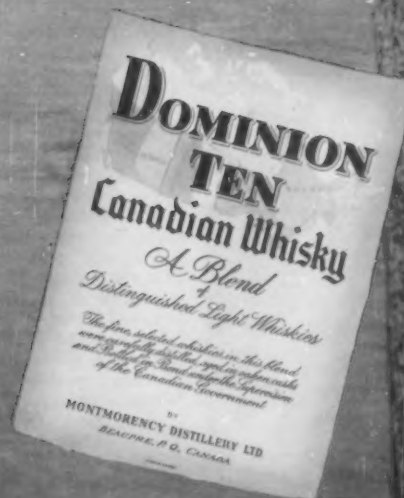
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channel as he at least knew that was safer. When he was crossing the southern mouth of the narrows he found his boat was not answering the helm.

"I looked ahead," he says, "and everything looked calm. But when I looked to port I saw that the land was fairly racing by. Suddenly I realized I was going downhill. I was sliding down a long black slick of water as smooth and shiny as a paved highway on a rainy day."

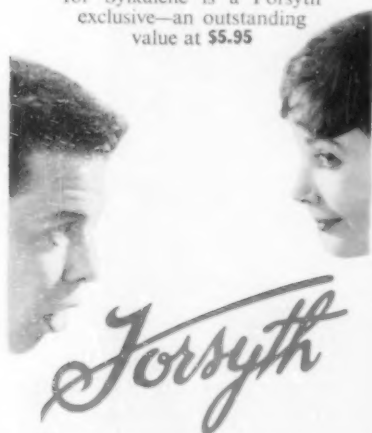
At this moment he got panicky and switched off his engine. "That saved my life," he says. Ahead of him he



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MAKER OF CANADA'S FINEST SHIRTS

then saw a wall of water about twenty feet high with a foaming crest on the top. "My boat wallowed right through it," he says. "If my engine had been going she'd have smashed up." Unlike most fishing boats, Clements' was a self-bailer. She was equipped with scuppers above the waterline through which any seas she shipped ran out again. "I thanked God for that," he says.

Clements hung on tight as the boat tossed up and down and spun dizzily. He gaped in horror as three big whirlpools slipped by. Then the boat entered a long choppy stretch and bumped like a truck on a corduroy road. "When she ran into smooth water I couldn't believe I was alive," he says. "I had to lie down for a while in the bottom of the boat and I remember putting my hand on my heart to stop it from thumping."

Clements reckons that in his ten years at Campbell River about twenty men have been lost in Seymour Narrows. "They get into a whirlpool," he says, "and it just sucks them down. The pools caused by the crazy currents are between twenty and thirty feet across and the sides are so steep and fast turning that they're about fifteen feet deep in the middle."

A Half Dozen Dunkings

It was a whirlpool that swallowed nine men in a single gulp in March 1945. They were in a thirty-five-foot gas boat commanded by Bob Blaine, an experienced ex-navy man. The boat slipped into a whirlpool and after circling dizzily for a few seconds disappeared stern first into the vortex like a fingerling being swallowed by a pike.

Ned Nielson and Bill Mohlan, of Vancouver, survived by grabbing the wire rigging of the mast. Underwater, according to Mohlan, they were spun round and round as the boat rotated. "I could see the others," he told friends, "being flung away, all arms and legs, in every direction."

Finally the boat rose to the surface in a rip tide and began to roll over and over sideways on to the current, her mast rising from the water, describing an arc, then plunging under again. Nielson and Mohlan, still clinging to the rigging, were lifted clear of the water and dunked half a dozen times before the swamped craft drifted into calm water and another boat picked them up. The bodies of their companions were never found. All except Blaine, the owner of the boat, were employed by the British Columbia Bridge and Dredging Company.

It was this firm which made the first two attempts to remove the hazard of Ripple Rock, in 1943 and 1945. All through the Thirties the B. C. government had been weighing the demands from Victoria for a railway bridge between Vancouver Island and the mainland, using Ripple Rock as a steppingstone. Vancouver City MPs accused the government of a "tongue-in-cheek" policy. Two royal commissions, set up to investigate the possibility of demolishing the rock had been called "electioneering stunts." After Pearl Harbor, when the traffic through the narrows was thickened by American vessels bound for the Aleutians and Alaska with troops and munitions, the U. S. asked Canada to remove Ripple Rock. The University of Washington in Seattle built a scale model of Seymour Narrows and demonstrated how time and again model ships foundered on a model Ripple Rock.

In 1942 the Department of Public Works called for tenders for the removal of the rock but nobody bid for the contract, so formidable was the task. Eventually the B. C. Bridge and Dredging Company was assigned to the

job on a "cost plus" basis. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was voted for the job.

The first idea was to anchor a barge over Ripple Rock, drill dynamite holes into the two domes at slack water, then blow off pieces until a depth of thirty feet had been achieved. The barge, which had to be specially built, cost one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Then four huge anchors of concrete, weighing between one hundred and fifty and two hundred and thirty-five tons, had to be molded and sunk. Throughout the summer of 1943 attempts were made to bore holes in the rock. But on an average of once every forty-eight hours the barge's steel anchor cables snapped like string and little progress was made.

It was suspected by federal government engineers that the flow from Canoe Pass, a narrow and shallow gulf separating Quadra Island from Maud Island, was responsible for helping to tear the barge off its mark. So another one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars was voted to dam it up. This made no difference to the force of the current striking the barge. All it did was raise an outcry among ships' captains that bucking the northbound ebb tide was now more difficult than ever.

An additional three hundred thousand dollars was voted to string cables across the narrows from Vancouver Island to Maud Island to reinforce the grip of the barge over Ripple Rock. These were two inches thick, three thousand five hundred feet long, and eleven tons each in weight. They were supported above the water by two-hundred-foot-high Douglas fir poles. And when the barge was attached to them by other cables, as well as to the anchors and points on shore, she could be held in place. But it was two years before they were ready and drilling could be resumed.

During the summer of 1945 only one hundred and twenty dynamite holes out of the fifteen hundred believed necessary to make a deep enough dent in Ripple Rock were drilled. Many of the drilled holes were never even fired because, when the barge pulled away to avoid the coming explosion, the wires carrying the electrical contact were tugged with such force by the tide that they often yanked the cannisters of explosive out of the holes. It was impossible to find the same holes again and new drilling, at the laborious rate of about a foot an hour, had to be started.

Even after a successful explosion the debris, instead of falling away into the deep channels on either side of Ripple Rock, clung, for some unforeseen reason, to the top, and actually aggravated the turbulence.

Fishermen sent angry deputations to the provincial parliament claiming that the explosions were killing millions of salmon during the annual run and that Seymour Narrows were more treacherous than ever.

"Ripple Rock," moaned the Hon. Alphonse Fournier, federal Minister of Public Works, admitting to the House of Commons that nearly a million dollars had been spent uselessly, "hangs round our necks like the Old Man of the Sea."

Still thinking in terms of chiseling the bulk down from the top, the Department of Public Works offered one million eight hundred thousand dollars to any company that would guarantee a completed job. Nobody was interested. For seven years the Department of Public Works considered scores of ideas for pulverizing the rock. One proposal, that hundreds of surplus RCAF wartime bombs be dropped on Ripple Rock, was rejected

for fear the pilots' aim might be inaccurate. Another idea, for firing naval torpedoes at the rock, was turned down because the currents might turn them off their target and cause them to sink steamers miles away. It was suggested that the army should wear down the rock with mortar bombs but this too was deemed impractical.

Senator McGeer asked, "Why not drop an atom bomb on it?" The National Research Council jumped into the picture and explained that such a solution might be feasible were it not for the fact that a wall of water at least a hundred feet high would surge down the Strait of Georgia and swamp the city of Vancouver.

Jim Lubzinski, a fourth-year physics student at the University of British Columbia, came up with a plan considered so important that it was published by the university press. This was to lower a caisson—a big steel cylinder—and attach its bottom to the rock by freezing. The water would then be pumped out of the caisson and permit drilling from a dry bed. The freezing mixture that would hold the caisson to the rock was to consist of ethyl alcohol and solidified carbon dioxide (dry ice).

Since men's lives would be at stake in the caisson the Department of Public Works refused to put its faith in ice.

Meanwhile Alphonse Fournier had been pestered in the House so much that one day he exploded: "I have financed Ripple Rock for quite a while and I am not going to finance it any more. I am disgusted with Ripple Rock."

"It took me a whole year," he continued, "to convince members that we are trying to spend money on a rock that is immovable. I am not going to touch it again if I can help it. Let somebody else handle it for once."

"It will soon be on your doorstep again," Howard Green MP (Vancouver-Quadra) predicted.

When the Minister of Public Works made one of his periodic visits to Seymour Narrows in a boat, the Vancouver Sun ran a caustic headline: "Sleep Well, Mister Fournier!"

Council's Toughest Job

By the time Robert Winters became Minister of Public Works in 1953 another idea was running through the minds of the anti-Ripple Rock group. They were beginning to believe that proposals put forward in 1946 by Admiral Chambers, the man who'd been wrecked as a boy in HMS Satellite, were not as fantastic as they had once sounded.

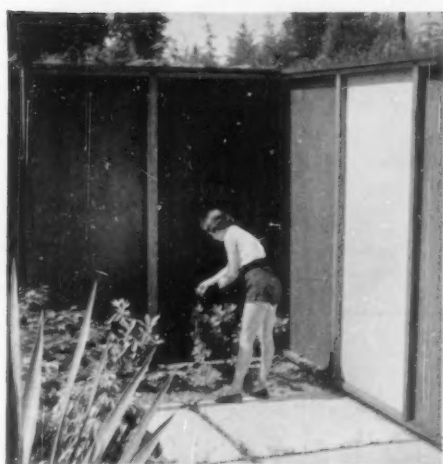
Chambers, who had spent many years as a junior officer studying Seymour Narrows in the Royal Navy survey vessel, *Nymphe*, wrote to the Vancouver Province: "With modern apparatus the cost of drilling under the rock can be estimated accurately. To run a passage beneath the narrows . . . not as large as a railway tunnel, would be a simple matter to engineers. A chamber could be excavated below the rock to accommodate the high explosive required. Then at the height of the spring tide the charge could be detonated and the job would be done."

The National Research Council was asked to investigate the feasibility of tunneling à la Chambers. E. W. R. Steacie, the council's president, said the problem was "one of the toughest the council had ever been called upon to handle."

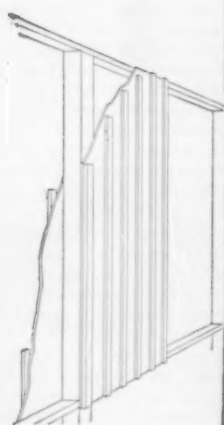
First a peep at the rock was gained with an underwater TV camera. Then the council called for a preliminary drilling to determine the nature of the substrata below Seymour Narrows and



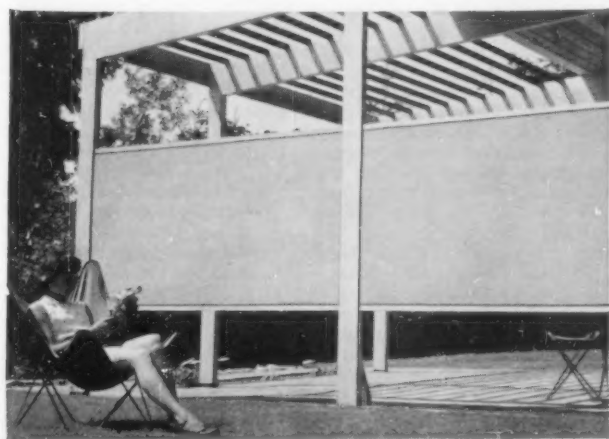
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Full advantage of large panels of fir plywood is taken in this screen wall. A single panel of solid white highlights the general finish of creosote-base stain. Panels are attached to a simple frame of 2 x 3's capped with 2 x 6 inch planks.



This simply-built fence cuts off the middle distance, without obscuring the mountain panorama beyond. Panels are alternated on inside and outside, and battens are attached to the face. Posts are 4 x 4, with 2 x 4 rails.



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Ripple Rock. This meant boring down from Maud Island at a shallow angle, then making the hole curve under the bed of the stream and upwards into the rock.

The job was given in 1953 to Boyles Brothers, of Vancouver, a world-famous diamond-drilling concern which today has men on five continents boring for oil, chemicals and minerals. They used an orthodox drill which bored a hole just under two inches in diameter. As the drill bit into the rock a core was extruded up through the collar of the hole and this geologists were able to examine.

Starting well back on Maud Island in September they managed to get a drill spinning at an angle of thirty-three degrees so that it would get under the rock at a depth of about four hundred feet. The drill kept trying to go downward and this tendency had to be checked by using eight-foot-long wedges as the hole progressed. The wedges, complicated special tools, cost five hundred dollars each. They were not recoverable. Altogether fifty-five of them were inserted into the ground.

Then, to make sure they were keeping direction, the drillers had to poke a special compass down the hole on a long copper rod. Although it was only as big as a wrist watch the compass cost eight hundred dollars. After nuzzling at the end of the hole for ten minutes a card was automatically lifted off the compass needle giving a correct bearing.

The drillers started one hole and got to a length of 1,212 feet with an expenditure of fifteen wedges. After three wedges had broken off in the same spot, one after another, it was decided to start another hole. The second hole went out to a length of 2,334 feet and the engineers were successful in making the drill turn slightly upwards into the rock.

Eight diamond drillers were at work all through the rough winter of 1953-54, living on Maud Island in tents that were constantly whipped and torn by high winds funneling through the narrows. On one occasion the wind plucked the cook away from his stove and tossed him forty feet over rocks. He grabbed a clump of scrub and just saved himself from being blown into the water.

Cores from the drilling were inspected by geologists of the National Research Council and it was found, as was hoped, that there were no dangerous faults or porous sections in the substrata which would endanger a tunnel from falls or flooding.

Early this year Victor Dolmage, a B. C. geologist who worked on the Kitimat project for the Aluminum Company of Canada, was appointed to take charge of the final assault on Ripple Rock. He got out specifications of the tunnel and, at this writing, is waiting to hear which construction company has been awarded the contract.

The tunnel will start from a point near the shore on Maud Island, about fifty feet above the water level. First a vertical shaft, eight feet by sixteen feet, will be sunk to a depth of four hundred and fifty feet, or fifty feet below the bed of the narrows. Then a horizontal tunnel, eight feet by eight feet, will be driven out under the bed for about a thousand feet to a point midway between Ripple Rock's two domes. From here two inclined shafts will be burrowed up into the domes. Then each dome will be riddled with passages to contain the explosive.

The nitron to be used is a powerful new powder less sensitive than other explosives, developed by Canadian Industries Limited. It can be packed in cans, it withstands dampness and will not run the risk of being neutralized

by leaks through the rock. Another advantage is that it gives off no fumes. Although only one half pound of nitron is normally used in ordinary blasting to remove each cubic yard of rock, CIL has recommended up to ten pounds per cubic yard in the case of Ripple Rock. With a two-and-a-half-million-dollar investment in the tunnel at stake, no chances can be taken.

The primer cord leading up to the detonation of the nitron will be carried a mile away from the entrance to the tunnel to save the engineer who pushes down the handle from being stoned by his own explosion.

When that handle goes down the burst will be heard fifty miles away and local Canadians will be treated to the most awesome spectacle since Halifax Harbor blew up in 1917. Residents within a radius of twenty-five miles will be ordered to open all their windows and to stand clear of glassware. Troops will be called out to control spectators on vantage points and help



the police close off certain roads. It has been estimated that at least fifty-five thousand dollars will have to be put aside for paying off or fighting property-damage claims.

Many will resent the explosion. Roderick Haig-Brown, the Campbell River angling author and magistrate, objects on the grounds that blowing up Ripple Rock is an interference with the architecture of nature. "It's always been there," he says, "and it should always stay there. The only ships that get into trouble are what we call 'green ships,' handled by inexperienced masters. If it's treated with respect Ripple Rock is not so monstrous. We should leave it alone and try to go along with it."

Much to the amusement of engineers, Billy Roberts, a Campbell River fisherman, says that if the rock is removed the current will flow through Seymour Narrows twice as fast because there will be nothing to brake it. "Then," he adds, "nobody will be able to sail through at all."

But the only objection the Department of Public Works is reputed to have considered seriously is that put forward by a U. S. admiral. Visiting Ottawa he said: "Why, if you remove Ripple Rock you will remove the only natural obstacle to enemy submarines between the entrance to the Strait of Georgia and Vancouver. What will you do if war breaks out?"

At which, according to Vancouver engineering circles, a department official rubbed his chin and answered: "Well, I guess we'll just have to put it back." ★

A Blonde Who Leaps From the Clouds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

hospital, Deer Lodge, just half a mile away.

Marion usually puts in an uneventful day. She cares for the patients in the ward, washes their dishes, and attends the sick parade, composed mostly of airmen with the sniffles. Air crew are grounded when they have colds and must join the sick parade. This is a precaution against having eardrums shattered because the nasal passages are too clogged to permit clearing the ears. Around ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, Marion and the other nurses and doctors break for coffee.

During these breaks Marion and the doctors often swap recollections of the students who have passed through Station Winnipeg as part of the NATO training scheme.

"Remember when the Portuguese were here?" Marion commented recently. "They wore those black box jackets with astrakhan collars and cuffs and looked as though they had stepped out of an operetta."

"And the Turks who wore American uniforms and looked so dashing," nodded a doctor in agreement.

"And the French with the red pom-poms on their berets who had all the airwomen on the station in such a dither."

After exchanging a few more reminiscences with the doctors Marion set down her coffee, adjusted her nurse's veil, and hurried back to work.

Marion's nurse's veil establishes as surely as gold braid that she is an officer, but the rest of her uniform resembles that of any hospital nurse. She is a flying officer, drawing flight pay of three hundred and sixty dollars a month because she is a parachutist, one of three or four women officers on the station. The station has five hundred male officers. "Three hundred and fifty of them are bachelors," Marion once told a newly arrived woman officer, who brightened visibly. "But they're all too young."

She and the other women officers were eating together in the vast officers' mess. As usual the dining room, with windows on two sides overlooking the airfield, was filled with the heavy babble of male voices talking flying, banking flattened hands to illustrate a manoeuvre and unconsciously following every landing and take-off on the runways. The women officers, who sit at a table by themselves, also talked shop.

"An airman who works in safety equipment told me the other day that he does parachute jumping as a stunt during his vacations," Marion remarked with a chuckle. "Gets a hundred and fifty dollars a jump from midway people and he told me I could probably get more."

"Let's see," murmured another woman officer, making marks on the tablecloth with the tines of her fork. "At, say, two hundred dollars a jump, you'd have made . . . ah . . ."

The RCAF pays Marion an extra thirty dollars a month for parachute jumping, from which the government removes five dollars for income tax. To earn this extra pay, F/O Macdonald has assembled an unusual assortment of information, for an attractive young blonde. During the RCAF para-rescue course at Edmonton and Jasper, she learned to send and receive fifteen words a minute in Morse code, and also learned that running water is usually safe to drink, which northern berries are poisonous, how to build a

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raft without nails, how to climb a mountain, how to knit a fish net and make snowshoes, how to ski down a glacier. She learned that jumping into trees is more comfortable than jumping into a field, even though she had to learn how to chop down the tree afterward to recover her chute.

Most important for her personal survival, she learned to pack a thousand dollars worth of nylon parachute so that it will open in two and a half seconds. Every member of para-rescue teams packs his own parachute, mainly to attain peace of mind for that leap into space. The chutes are twenty-eight feet around and have fourteen pie-shaped gores, seamed on the diagonal so that a rip cannot extend more than a foot. It takes half an hour for an expert to pack a chute.

She also learned how to make a parachute jump without injuring herself. Jumping involves two separate shocks, the impact of the parachute opening and suddenly braking a hurtling body, and the impact of the ground. To prepare for the first, para-rescue trainees climb to the top of a twenty-foot tower, attach a harness to a ten-foot rope and simply drop. The resultant jolt is an exact equivalent to a parachute opening.

"I must have a longer neck than most people, or something," Marion moans. "Every time I make a parachute jump, I get a stiff neck."

The proper position for the jolt of the chute opening is for the jumper to be stiffened, with arms folded, legs together and chin clamped to chest. Marion can never manage this last position; on every jump her head is snapped back viciously.

In the forty seconds it takes a parachutist to drop a thousand feet, a great deal of activity is required. In order to arrive within a hundred yards of the target, the chute must be steered. Each chute has seven-foot slots that can be opened and closed with guide lines to turn left or right. To drop faster, the jumper pulls on some of the shroud lines and spills air from the chute; to drop more slowly, he manipulates the umbrella of the chute against the wind like a sail.

The landing is the most hazardous part of the profession. Amateur parachutists have broken their backs landing awkwardly and even among professionals broken legs are common. RCAF parachutists practice landing technique swinging like pendulums from a rope three feet off the ground. At a signal they let go, landing with their feet at right angles to the pendulum and falling instantly on the side of their leg, hip and shoulder so that the impact is absorbed evenly.

"They tell us that landing from a parachute jump can be compared with falling out of a car that is traveling eleven feet in the air at a speed of fifteen miles an hour," Marion recently explained. "Besides the slamming you get on landing, you have to be quick to empty the air out of your chute or you'll be dragged by the wind."

Mr. and Mrs. John Macdonald, of Vancouver, did not raise their daughter Marion to jump out of airplanes, no matter how skilfully she may avoid being dragged by wind. One of four intelligent children—a brother is a Rhodes scholar—in the family of an accountant, Marion was trained to be ladylike, polite and considerate. As a child she enjoyed sports such as basketball and high jumping and won her letter at Kitsilano High School. When she graduated from high school, she joined the air force. Her sister Jessie was already in the women's division and a brother was in the army. For two years her duty was at the side of a grid table in the basement of a

Victoria office building, charting the movements of all aircraft over the British Columbia coast.

Her sister, who was stationed at a flying field, arranged for Marion to have a few plane rides. When she was discharged, Marion had decided to find a career in the air. To become an airline stewardess she enrolled as a student nurse at Vancouver General Hospital and helped pay for her education with DVA credits. Afterward she had changed her mind about being a stewardess. She and a friend who was also a nurse planned a world cruise. They would work in a city six months, save their money and travel to the next city for six months more.

"It worked beautifully," Marion recalls. "We got to California, planning Hawaii as our next stop. When the Korean War started everyone around us panicked. You couldn't buy coffee or nylons anywhere. There was such a feeling of world disaster that I hurried home to enlist."

A few months later she was one of the first five nurses chosen from volunteers to train as the world's only para-nurses. One woman broke her leg in her first jump and only four nurses finished.

Those four nurses became the most photographed personnel in the RCAF. "Every time a magazine or newspaper in Japan or Rhodesia wanted to write a story about the RCAF," says public-relations director Ron Dodds, "the story would be about our para-rescue work. And every picture they used was of a beautiful nurse. I'm certain the world has an impression that the RCAF is made up entirely of lovely women parachutists."

She Went Up in the Chute

In peacetime, the RCAF's search-and-rescue teams, of which the para-rescue experts are part, receive a majority of the newspaper space accorded the service. The SAR, as it is known, has the task of finding missing aircraft from the U. S. border to the North Pole. When the terrain where a downed aircraft is sighted is too hazardous to land a plane and too remote for a ground party to reach quickly, para-rescue teams are dropped. Until 1951 para-rescue squads were made up entirely of airmen with first-aid and bush-survival training; since then seven nurses, five doctors and uncounted medical assistants have learned to jump.

Almost every one of Marion's forty-three parachute jumps has been made during training or as part of an RCAF demonstration. The first ten were part of para-rescue training course and the next nine followed almost immediately when she was selected to be the first woman instructor on the course. During this course the RCAF decided never to accept volunteer para-nurses smaller than five foot five.

"One of the students was so light that she actually went up in a parachute," Marion later reported. "She wasn't far from the ground when an updraft caught her and took her straight up. She landed eventually in a wickedly fast-running stream, four feet from the edge. If she had been carried any farther out into the stream she probably would have drowned before we reached her."

When she had finished a hitch of instructing, Marion was posted to Trenton, Ont., where she took part in her first operational jump. In the winter of 1952 a Sabre jet crashed in the Quebec bush north of Bagotville. Marion and men jumpers were in search planes that combed the area day and night for a week, looking by day for a trail of broken trees and by night

for flares or a campfire. Just as they were preparing to abandon the search, two Sabre jet pilots radioed the distress signal "Mayday" within a few minutes of one another. Mayday is the airman's S O S. One man parachuted from his diving plane and was rescued soon afterward. The other decided to stay in his aircraft while it crashed—he couldn't be found.

The area of the crash was pinpointed on the map by experts and a three-man jump team, including Marion, was dropped as soon as it was light the following morning. Their aim was uncanny; they landed fifty yards from the tent the pilot had built for himself. His plane had slid into spruce trees that made it impossible to spot from the air. Marion treated the pilot for shock, giving him sedatives and wrapping him well in blankets, and the team waited for a ground-rescue crew that arrived that afternoon. It was decided that the pilot was able to walk out to the nearest settlement.

"It was eleven miles away," Marion recalls, "and a howling blizzard was blowing. It took us fourteen hours to do it, led by some Canadian trappers who carried packs of better than seventy pounds to make our loads lighter. Once we had to take a short cut over a thinly iced lake. We slid our packs along ahead of us and with every step the ice cracked under our feet and the water bubbled through the cracks."

Marion took a day off before she went back to her duties as a nursing sister in the Trenton, Ont., station hospital. Between the Bagotville operational jump and the one involving the jet last February, all of her jumps were practice.

She has been apprehensive about a jump only once in her life. This occurred more than a year ago when she was to jump as part of a demonstration over the Winnipeg air field. The night before the scheduled jump, she couldn't sleep. She paced her room thinking of every parachute disaster she had ever known—of the left-handed jumper scratching for the ripcord on the wrong side, who clawed through his clothes and flesh to his bones in vain and died screaming; of the condition of bodies after a fall of a thousand feet with a streamer (a chute that doesn't open); of the time a static line wrapped around her hand just as she jumped and could have torn off her arm if she hadn't been able to slip it off in time. She watched the sun come up and knew she was afraid to jump that day.

As it happened, weather conditions were such that the jump was canceled. Later in the afternoon Marion encountered an old man who worked around the station hospital.

"My, I'm glad you didn't jump today," he told her. "I had a dream last night that you would be badly hurt."

Marion herself isn't prone to superstitions, though she has been mildly captivated with teacup reading and astrology.

Marion Macdonald will receive her discharge from the RCAF in January 1957. She has been saving much of her salary to fulfill her ambition to see the world.

"This time I'm going to make it," she promises grimly as she stomps around the women officers' quarters in the evenings, watering the twenty or thirty plants that grow zestfully under her care. "I'll lie in the sun on the Riviera and see rickshaws in Singapore."

"That is," she adds somberly, "if Canada doesn't get into a war again. Then, of course, I'll come home and enlist." ★

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Why I'm Out of TV

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

The willingness of men like Jackie Gleason and Ed Sullivan to sign long-term contracts indicates that they're also keen on this matter of security. Both these artists and their sponsors are gambling on formats that they hope will keep them going. Gleason has built up a whole gallery of character impersonations and recently announced that he is experimenting with additional ones. Sullivan surrounds himself each Sunday night with the best talent he can buy, changing his guests every week and taking care not to invite them back again too often.

Other U. S. showmen just can't be bothered wrestling with TV and have simply turned their backs on it. "I'm damned if I'm going to stand under those hot lights any more," the great folk balladeer, Burl Ives, told me just before he left for his triumphant British tour. After several years in TV, Fred Waring, famous band leader and choral conductor, has bundled up his Pennsylvanians and taken them on the road. When I visited him last summer he remarked, "I'm trying to capture some of the old magic of the vaudeville days. I don't expect to make as much money but at last I'm enjoying myself."

Everybody's Got the Jitters

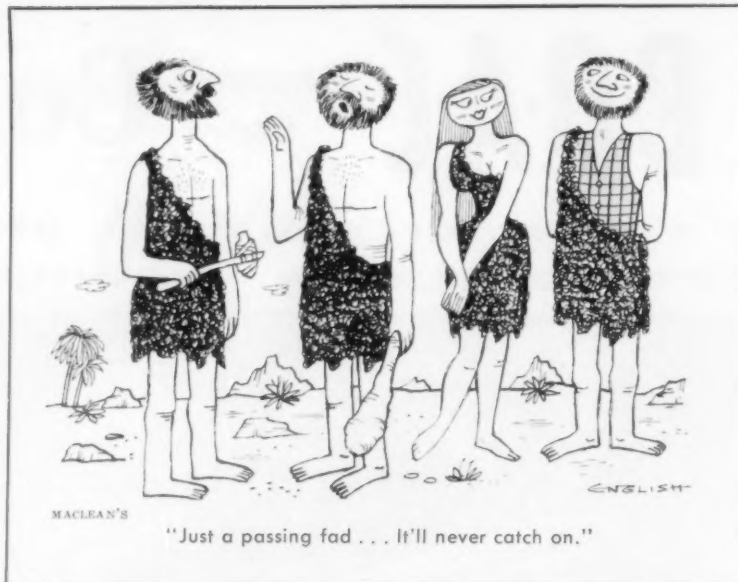
If TV is eating up American talent at such a rate, what is it doing in Canada where there is much less talent? If some of our big names are to be dropped next season (there are all kinds of rumors) who will take their places? The program, *Pick the Stars*, while sponsored by Canada Packers, was originated by the CBC and is obviously an attempt to find new faces and talent. But so far it does not appear to have unearthed anyone exciting.

The merry-go-round can only spin so long before it breaks down. If a complete impasse is to be avoided those connected with TV should sit back and do some relaxed thinking. Unfortunately, relaxation is a foreign word in TV, and that brings me around to another reason why I left that studio last April—the jitters.

First of all there are the sponsor's jitters. Since a TV show costs three or four times as much as a radio show the average sponsor has the uneasy feeling he's living beyond his means. His jitters spread to the planners of his show who, in their anxiety to please the client, frequently jump from one idea to another without giving any one of them a chance. The thing that bothered me in commercial television was that if an idea were tried out once and failed, owing to someone's inexperience or to a technical slip-up, it was immediately assumed the idea was worthless and should never be tried again. Thus there arose that endless quest for a new gimmick, that pursuit of novelty for its own sake which helped spread the jitters to everyone in the studio—directors, musicians and performers.

Singers were required to dance and dancers were required to sing. As for me, I became a character actor, which I played with such effect that one cynic remarked, "With such a ham, this show should be sponsored by Canada Packers."

Many of such programs also lack planning. Half the ulcers developed in TV are the result of frantic efforts to create in a few hours the kind of show that in vaudeville days would have been given weeks of rehearsal. Unfortunately rehearsals cost money,



"Just a passing fad... It'll never catch on."

In spite of what its critics say, the CBC hasn't money to burn. Last year it spent about six and a half million dollars on TV. This is less than the Ford Motor Company spends on one U. S. show, Sullivan's *Toast of the Town*.

Granting the difference in population between the U. S. and Canada, the fact remains that the CBC is working on a shoestring. It needs a much bigger TV budget to turn out the kind of programs that viewers demand. Nor are the performers' unions demanding too much for their members when you consider the amount of work, the lack of security and the strain involved. A performer preparing for a TV show spends three or four times as many hours as he did for radio, but certainly doesn't receive three or four times as much money. He also works a lot harder because of the reduction in ensembles.

For budget reasons, orchestras and choirs have been whittled practically to chamber groups. The present orchestra on *Showtime* is half the size it was in radio and its original chorus of twenty-five now consists of eight voices. Mr. Showbusiness also uses only an octet and *On Stage* employs a vocal unit of six. We generally think of a chorus in terms of at least sixteen singers.

If more money is not available, one solution would seem to be less lavish shows involving lower production costs—in other words, simpler programs. Would the public accept simpler programs? Personally, I think they'd stand up and cheer. If there is one thing the Canadian public wants it is a simpler, more direct approach to television programming.

If you ask me to prove this by statistics, I can't. I don't know too much about popularity polls and rating charts, but I think I know something about the Canadian people. I have performed before them in hundreds of towns from one end of Canada to the other. I've given concerts in kindergarten classes, high schools and old folks' homes. I have faced audiences of farmers in the west and the Maritimes, new Canadians in northern Ontario, *Canadiens* in the Laurentians and businessmen in Toronto and Montreal. They do not all like the same things,

of course, but on one matter they seem to be in reasonable agreement. One viewer in Windsor summed it up this way:

"Why does so much have to be happening all the time?" he asked. "Why all this eternal choreography for everything and all this running around? Why all these jumping cameras? Can't anything or anyone stay still? I think television is trying too hard to be subtle and clever. I can't go to the kitchen for a drink without losing the show. Sometimes I just want to relax and I wish TV would help me to do it the way radio used to."

As things are now the viewer must be ever on the edge of his seat for fear of missing the comedian's fast gag, the answer to the jack-pot question or the trick ending to the whodunit. This required concentration is killing many TV shows as soon as they are born.

Is Fine Scenery Too Corny?

Relaxed shows have a way of carrying on long after the tense programs have died. In radio, the *Album of Familiar Music*, an unpretentious selection of pleasant songs performed in a straightforward way, lasted for more than eighteen years. Will any TV show equal that record? The most relaxed variety program to come out of Canadian television so far is Cliff McKay's *Holiday Ranch*, which uses only one set and features western music done in a free-and-easy manner. It has the highest rating of any Canadian TV musicale. Maybe the public *does* know what it wants.

One American TV station received a letter from a set owner who said: "I like your programs pretty well, although some of them are a bit fast for me. My favorite one is where you put on the test pattern and play music behind it."

If radio has been able to provide relaxation, surely TV can do the same. Some of the men in the business tell me this is impossible. How do they know it is? Have they ever tried to find out? Is it too corny to suggest, for instance, a program of fine Canadian scenery backed simply by good music well played? I am thinking of a program that could either be watched or just listened to, a program that could

still be enjoyed by the housewife busy in the kitchen or by her husband behind his newspaper.

What's more important, it would bring music into TV on a respectable basis. So far, TV hasn't done much for music. There have been a few notable exceptions. CBC's televised operatic productions of *Don Giovanni*, *Die Fledermaus* and *The Consul* were all superlatively good and reflected that same talent for doing things well that made the Wednesday Night radio series the envy of cultured listeners below the border. But such musical thrills are rare.

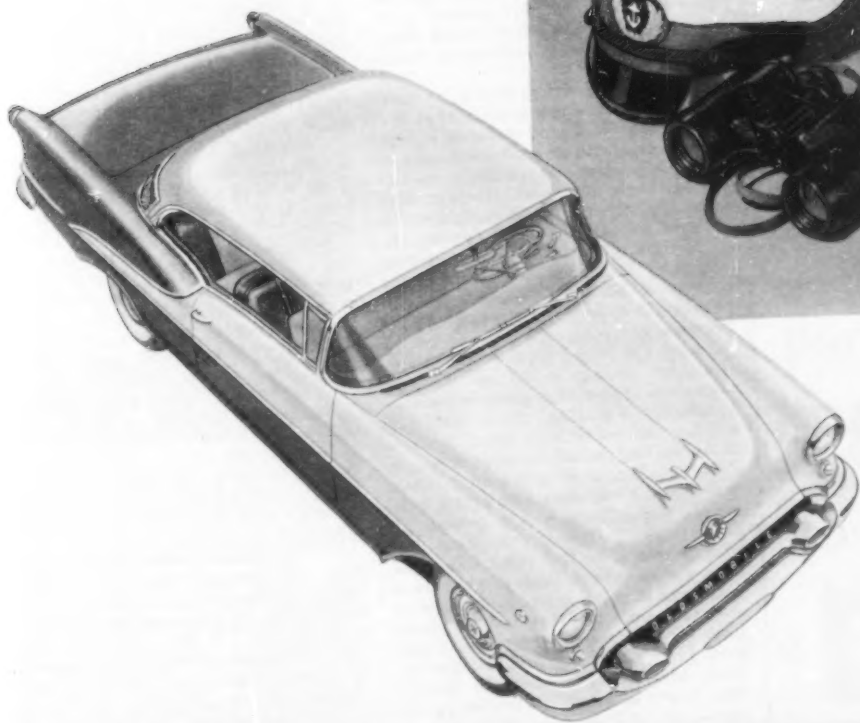
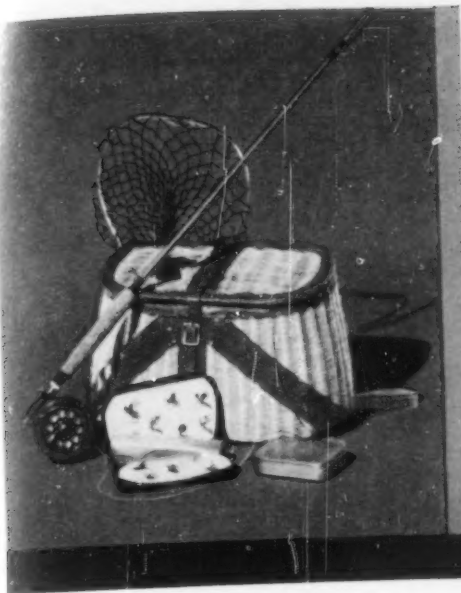
Opera and ballet are naturals for the screen but when television runs up against other forms of music it doesn't seem to know what to do. Generally speaking, it assumes there are two approaches. One is to photograph the artist from as many different camera angles as possible. Thus a pianist never appears without letting us see a close-up of his hands, plus a reflection of them in the piano lid. When a symphony program is presented we are taken on a Cook's tour of the orchestra, during which we peer down the bell of the tuba, climb over the violinist's lap and watch the details of the conductor's face writhing in ecstasy or agony. All this distracts us to the point where we forget that music is being played. Nor is our enjoyment enhanced when we discover that the exquisite love song of the princess in Ravel's *Ma Mère L'Oye* is really being performed by a bald-headed clarinetist of seventy-one.

The other method of televising music is to *interpret* what is being played by means of dancers, actors, painted scenery or bits of movie film. This disregards music's whole purpose and fundamental appeal. After all, music is not picture but sound. Its greatest fascination lies in the fact that it means different things to different people and that each one of us as he listens to it can make up his own pictures. Music lovers hate having interpretations forced on them by TV or by anything else. That is why so many were irritated by Walt Disney's film *Fantasia* which tried to do exactly that. The trouble is that many so-called musical programs are not music at all. A couple of years ago when Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra were televised it was advertised as a great musical event. It was not a musical event. It was a close-up study of a famous public figure at work with some Brahms going on behind.

What bothers the musician in the TV studio is the feeling that his work is always subordinate to something else. Instead of performing interesting arrangements for someone to listen to, the instrumentalist is reduced to pumping out routine accompaniments for a dance line or a vocal soloist. The arranger is equally frustrated. Harold Simeone, the brilliant orchestrator for the former Fred Waring Show, complains that TV has killed any opportunity for creative work.

But it is the choristers who really suffer. The instrumentalist can at least sit down and play his music, but because of the mania for movement the singer must mill all over the lot, trying to dance, trying to act, trying to remember his music and trying to follow a conductor whose beat he often can't even see. Added to this confusion is the fact that a microphone operator has difficulty picking up the voice of a moving singer and a lot more difficulty when several singers are heading in different directions at once. Obviously, such things as tone, diction and choral blend become impossible, no matter how much care has gone into the preparation of the music. At least,

"Sometimes I just want to relax and I wish TV would help me as radio did"



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HAIR TONIC

Does Hopalong keep children too busy to develop an interest in good music?

that was TV as I knew it. Other people doing choral work tell me they have similar problems.

When I first entered TV I was told and I believed that it would be a perfect vehicle for my choir. Two years taught me differently. I eventually came to feel that I was not earning my money, because under such working conditions it was impossible for me or anyone else to deliver the type of performance expected of the Bell Singers. I had plans for a show that would have presented the girls to the public as the public had come to know them in live performance. I was told these plans wouldn't work in TV. Maybe they wouldn't have. I can't say. All I know is that the prestige of the Bell Singers which had been built up by fifteen years of hard work was beginning to collapse. If I had any doubts on that score, I only needed to open the letters that piled up on my desk every day. My path seemed pretty clear. It led right out of the studio door.

Jackie Rae, newly appointed director of variety shows for CBC, tells me that he intends to do something about musical sound on TV. This is certainly good news. When television first arrived, someone came out with the report that the average viewer directs only forty percent of his attention to what he hears and sixty percent to what he sees. This may be true, but even if it is, it offers no justification for ignoring sound altogether.

One of the reasons for this indifference to sound on TV is the assumption by many studios that the true music lover is sticking with his radio and his records anyway. This seems a satisfactory arrangement for the present, but what about the future? What about the next generation? Children today are too busy with Hopalong Cassidy and Space Cadet to be bothered turning on the radio. As a result, they are not likely to hear good music or become acquainted with it and, as they grow up, will not demand it or even want it. The effect of this situation on our musical culture is worth thinking about.

There is no point in saying, as some wishful thinkers are saying, that TV is a passing fancy. Television is here to stay and with new developments in the offing—color and possibly even 3-D—it is likely to become more a part of our lives than ever. But if television is here to stay it must assume the responsibility that radio did in raising the level of Canadian taste. I am convinced the public wants this to happen, in spite of all the Gallup Poll findings and Hooper ratings waved in front of me. The trouble with these statistical findings is that, at best, all they do is analyze the public's reaction to what it is getting. They don't tell us how the public feels about what it is not getting and about what it wants.

Entertainment is a splendid thing, but when it becomes a complete substitute for culture it is a prelude to catastrophe. Today the piano has disappeared from the living room and even the ping-pong table downstairs is gathering dust. We are doing little to entertain ourselves because we don't have to. We are fast becoming a new sort of race—half man and half chesterfield—that sits watching the world's best talent beating its brains out to please us. All we have to do is raise or lower our thumbs as the Roman mob once did at the gladiatorial arena. And,

incidentally, most of us know what happened to Rome. The parallel is a little too close for comfort.

In certain fields of art—drama, for instance—TV has proved that it can, when it wants to, make an important contribution. Just how it should best present music can only be determined after considerable thought and experiment. There are various ideas worth trying. For one thing, TV could help break up the aura of mystery that makes many people shy away from "good music." This idea was outlined to me some time ago by Sigmund Spaeth of New York. Spaeth first came into prominence on the radio as *The Tune Detective* and is now a well-known member of the Metropolitan Opera Quizz panel.

"Television has failed serious music," said Spaeth. "More people would enjoy music if they were not so frightened of it. We surround Bach and Beethoven with an aura of mystery and we build the artist who interprets them into a superior being who stands aloof on a platform. TV can break down this silly attitude and help the artist and the public to become friends. Instead of Artur Schnabel appearing stiffly in a dress suit against a formal backdrop, why should he not be sitting at ease in a living room—your living room or mine?"

What Spaeth is asking for is a Liberace style applied to serious music. Something like this was tried on CBC in a program called *At Home With John Newmark*, in which Newmark presented chamber music in an informal way. I understand many viewers liked the program. But it didn't last. I wonder why not?

Let's Forget the Gimmicks

I don't pretend to know the answers to many of the problems in TV programs, but I do think these answers can be found as TV grows up. In spite of all the bilge that clutters up American screens, there is some evidence of growing maturity. A production as fine as the recent *Peter Pan*, for instance, would not have been possible two years ago, either in the studio or in the producer's mind. Here in Canada we still have too many variety shows that are too much alike, but there is some excellent drama and the experimental program, *Scope*, with all its frequent artiness, does rate applause.

Since my exit from the studio a year ago I have returned twice to do single telecasts. I enjoyed them immensely because on each occasion my singers were allowed to perform good music in their own way and under proper conditions. It was gratifying, too, to discover how producers and production methods are changing. The old slap-happy high-school follies approach to a show seems to be giving way to clearer thinking and the realization that you can't build a program simply on fancy sets, trick camera shots and gimmicks.

TV has changed many things in our lives. It has cut down the reading habit. It has added new words to our speech and at the same time gagged conversation. It has made our children authorities on all sorts of subjects from interplanetary navigation to cattle rustling but has left them no time to do their homework. It has taken so much away. The all-important question for the future is, "What is it going to give us in return?" ★

The Race to Sell New Cars

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

It's a dead certainty that those Canadians who own cars spend more on their transportation than they do on their nutrition.

In 1941 there was a car for every ten Canadians. Now there's a car for every six Canadians. General Motors predicts that by 1964 the ratio will be one car to every four people. By that time, if they're right, there will be twenty million people driving five million cars—about twice as many as there are on the road now.

Whatever the future prospects, present-day car advertising has a Barnum-like flavor to it. Vancouver dealers have offered the free use of Fords for nine months. A Halifax dealer dangled hundred-dollar door prizes in front of patrons who dropped into his showrooms and left their names. In Sherbrooke, Que., Henri Thibault took an option on four hundred war-surplus training planes and offered them to Studebaker buyers for one dollar. The gimmick was that the buyers had to recondition the planes and fly them away. Thibault only lost one plane. Most sales were genuine bargains but some buyers discovered that not all were windfalls. A Montreal dealer, for example, offered \$2,325 Chevs for \$1,625—but only on trade-in deals so he could recoup by underallowing on buyers' old cars.

In Toronto, the biggest and most competitive market in Canada, buyers have recently been able to purchase Chevs and Fords for four hundred and five hundred dollars under the list price. Here Regent Motors, announcing a sale "Mightier than the Atomic Blast!" readily confessed, "Our boss has gone berserk." When Hillcrest Motors slashed the price of Ford Mainliners from \$2,192 to \$1,575, National Motors reduced the same cars to \$1,447, proudly proclaiming, "We can meet or beat any deal." The result is what George H. Jackson, vice-president for sales of Ford of Canada, has called "a buyers' paradise."

The first hint of an impending sales race came in 1948 when the Ford Motor Company introduced an all-new model and stole the jump on its chief competitors, GM and Chrysler. The auto industry had no time for competition during the war and no need for it after. The struggle then was to produce, not to sell. People had lots of money and no cars and all a salesman needed was a pencil and an order pad. The automakers pumped billions into increased production. In Canada alone, GM, Ford and Chrysler—the Big Three—launched expansion programs costing \$265 millions.

Then came the Ford Forty-Niner, styled, engineered and tooled in a record eighteen months. (The job normally takes three years.) Its purpose and Ford's working slogan was to "Beat Chevrolet." In Canada, thanks partly to a GM strike, it did just that—34,000 to 27,600. For the first time Ford could advertise, "There's only one leader—Ford. First in sales." But by 1950 Chevrolet had pulled in front again.

Production and sales figures continued to soar. By 1953 Canadians were laying out \$900 millions for new cars—twenty-six percent better than the previous year. But the following year the slump came. Sales dropped fifteen percent and the automakers' joy ride was over. The assembly lines had done their job, the crying demand for cars was ended and, as one dealer

put it, "We had to get out and start competing again."

Now the dealers found themselves caught in a squeeze. The customers didn't want to buy so many cars, but the manufacturers wanted the dealers to buy more. Ford and General Motors were locked in a battle to produce the largest-selling car in the low-priced field. A year ago, both companies began pecking away at each others' sales figures to try to prove to the public that their cars were the top sellers. "Ford V-8 outsells all the others," cried Ford in a full-page

Toronto Star ad, backed up by figures to show that in the first three months Ford cars outsold Chevrolets in Toronto and Montreal. GM countered with a full-page ad showing that in the same period GM's total sales for all Canada outstripped Ford's.

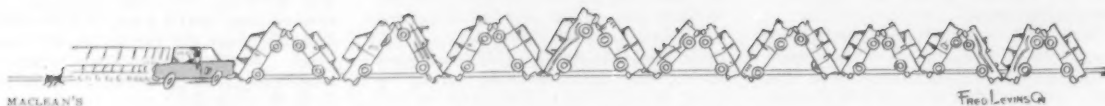
The manufacturers' battle was reflected in the dealer ads. Ford and GM outlets spent tens of thousands of dollars to shout, in effect, "Anything you can do I can do bigger." A Ford agency in Toronto advertised it was "one of Canada's largest dealers"—with twenty-five mechanics, twenty-

five salesmen, one-hour delivery, 150 cars on hand and a price of \$395 down and \$69 monthly for a '54 two-door Ford. A Chevrolet agency instantly replied in black type that "Gorries are Canada's largest" with one hundred and twenty mechanics, sixty salesmen, half-hour delivery, four hundred cars on hand and a price of \$390 down and \$65 a month for a Chevrolet with four doors.

In both the U. S. and Canada the factories spurred their dealers on with sales contests. One Ford winner was Toronto's Regent Motors whose ads

when fabric is
an important part of the clothes you buy
(and when isn't it?)
look for the tags that tell you
"it's a **Bruck** fabric".

BRUCK MILLS LIMITED Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver



bordered on the hysterical. "No Gimmicks! These are genuine discounts! This is it! You'll never buy for less! Come in today for the deal of your life! Positively the greatest car sale on Earth!" Sales manager Nat Gotfrid was rewarded with a free trip to Florida. "Selling cars," he remarked, "is something like carnival barking."

To understand how auto manufacturers hold a leash on their dealers it is necessary to understand the franchise system. Automobiles aren't sold like soap or cigarettes, and a franchise to sell Chevrolets, say, isn't easily come by. When a man applies to GM for a dealership, he finds his bank account, past experience and reputation under close scrutiny. The dealer can't buy a franchise and only in rare cases will the manufacturer, through a holding company, invest money in his operation. Moreover, he must be able to provide premises, a service department and staff that meet the manufacturer's standards.

The franchise itself gives the dealer permission to retail GM products—and GM products only—within a defined territory. Once he's in business, the dealer is required to make monthly reports to GM on every phase of his operation and, if he needs it, GM sends out business-management experts to help him.

Now, the manufacturer has to produce a certain number of cars to keep assembly lines running economically. These are allocated to district sales offices across the country where district sales managers and their staffs sell them to their local dealers. District offices keep close tabs on each dealer's past performance on a weekly, monthly and yearly basis. If a district sales manager figures one of his dealers isn't pulling his weight, he can put on pressure to sell him more cars. The dealer doesn't have to be reminded that his franchise, which he holds nominally for only a year at a time, can be canceled at any time by the manufacturer for any reason the manufacturer sees fit.

Last year, a number of Ford dealers in the Toronto area received letters signed by the district sales manager. Attached to them were orders they had placed for July and August, plus much larger orders drafted by the district sales office. The sales manager said he'd studied past orders and current conditions, concluded that the orders were too small and that the dealers should follow the revisions. One letter read in part: "Not only do we believe you need the number of Fords, Monarchs and trucks shown, but it appears to us that your failure to order these units can only be construed either as an unwillingness to co-operate to the extent of maintaining a reasonable stock and place orders in conformance with this requirement or accept your failure as evidence of a lack of confidence in your own ability to merchandise a fair share of cars and trucks in succeeding months in your territory."

To the dealer who finds himself overloaded with cars, or the man who is out for volume selling and a quick dollar, there is one ready market. He can "bootleg" his cars at a very slight markup to a used-car lot, either in his own territory, or, preferably, in somebody else's. "Bootlegging" is a perfectly honest process, but in the automobile industry it has a bad name because in the long run it cuts profits.

In normal times "bootlegged" automobiles show up on used-car lots in the last months of the year, when dealers are anxious to clear their showrooms for next year's model. This year, used-car dealers have been selling new cars since the first of January. In mid-February, Stoney's Car Market in Toronto, one of Canada's largest, was selling brand-new Chevs, Pontiacs, Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Plymouths, Dodges and Studebakers at prices lower than regular dealers were asking. A week after the first Fords rolled from Oakville's assembly line, Stoney's had them. So did many other used-car lots.

Some franchised dealers sell their stock this way because they find it simpler to "bootleg" ten cars at a fifty-dollar profit, than sell one in the normal way at a five-hundred-dollar markup. Actually the more cars they sell, the bigger discount the factory gives them, so volume selling produces more profits.

Others, pressured by the factory into ordering more cars than they can handle, have no alternative but to peddle them to the used-car lots. Stoney's owner, Stonewall Spivak, says that 1,500 of the 4,500 cars he sold last year were "bootlegged" in this manner. "Those guys are glad to make a deal

with me," he says. "Some of them would cut their own throats for a buck."

Some of them may be doing just that. A dealer who sells five hundred cars a year can buy a two-door Ford with heater (suggested price \$2,216) from the manufacturer for \$1,706. If he's willing to take a fifty-dollar profit he can sell it to a used-car lot for \$1,756. The dealer marks it up to \$1,956, grabs a two-hundred-dollar profit and eats into the market of every franchised dealer in the neighborhood. He can afford to undersell because he has less overhead.

Are the Dealers in the Red?

Last year a million cars—eighteen percent of national sales—were bootlegged in the U. S. Ray Miles, president of the National Used-Car Dealers Association, predicted the end of the franchised dealer. He sees the old-line dealers being forced into low-overhead, cut-rate auto supermarket operations to defend themselves. Howard Aletter, sales manager of Gorries, Toronto's huge new-car dealers, seems to echo this feeling. "Volume selling is the way to do business today," he says. "Look at Loblaw's. The people love it."

Gorries, using these methods, now sell 3,500 cars a year—a thousand more than three years ago. "If someone undercuts us by fifty dollars, next day we'll undercut him by another fifty," Aletter says. "We can afford to. Sometimes we sell cars at a loss just to get people into our showrooms."

Naturally, many dealers are worried. "Nobody's making any money," says C. Reg Howell, president of the Federation of Automobile Dealer Associations of Canada. A survey of Canadian dealers is now under way and Howell expects, from early returns, that it will parallel a U. S. survey which reports dealers' profits down from 6.6 percent in 1950 to a tiny .6 percent in 1954 and that one in every five dealers is in the red.

Last fall, the Federation of Automobile Dealer Associations, meeting in Victoria, criticized the automakers for overproduction. The then president, D. A. Amory, a Montreal Chev dealer, warned: "It is imperative that factory officials desist from urging dealers to sell cars 'even at a loss' to maintain prestige and position within the industry."

The answer from the factories is an amazed "Who, us?" Each sales director insists that, while he knows nothing about his rivals, his own company would never take steps that might push strong dealer organizations to the wall. They contend that many dealers have failed to realize they're in a new merchandising era of volume sales and individual enterprise.

"Naturally," says a Ford vice-president, George H. Jackson, "we believe in aggressive salesmanship." In the light of the last twelve months this seems a modest understatement.

There was much of the carnival in the way new 1955 models made their debuts last fall. Trumpets blared when Chrysler unveiled its Forward Look in Detroit and lines of cancan dancers shook their ruffles at visiting dealers. Across the river in Windsor a more conservative Canadian Chrysler spent \$100,000 to deck out part of its factory with rich carpets and drapes, autumn flowers and soft music and fly in dealers and newsmen on chartered TCA planes.

When GM put its '55 Chevrolets on display in the U. S. last November, Chev dealers hung up miles of flags, banners and placards, hired clowns and calliopes. They spent \$3,500,000 on promotion, giving away 2,100,000 balloons, a million bottles of perfume, hundreds of thousands of pencils, yardsticks, potholders, key cases and beanies. Before public showings dealers were given secret previews. When Canadian Chev dealers were brought to Toronto for a glimpse of the new product, GM company police from Oshawa mounted a twenty-four-hour guard over the CNE Automotive Building and carefully screened each arrival. The Toronto Star observed: "It's easier to crack the Kremlin!"

The security was partly to build up impact for publicity releases, partly to prevent '55 models from stealing the thunder of still-marketable '54 models and least of all to keep competitors guessing—in the auto industry, well laced with spies, design secrets are few. The new Ford then was conspicuously absent in Canada. Paralyzed by a strike since Oct. 10, it could only advertise: "Ford is worth waiting for!" and hope that motorists would. When its strike finally ended Jan. 30, Ford got an unexpected windfall. Contracting to buy the first car off the Oakville, Ont., assembly line, the Toronto Star printed coupons and invited readers to guess the exact hour, minute, second and tenth of a second the first '55 Ford—and the prize—

In the world's most competitive market...

FORD is America's best seller!

National U. S. sources indicate Super for the same discount period available from Ford and other U. S. brands.

Worth more when you buy...worth more when you sell!

FORD OF CANADA

Ford of Canada quotes U. S. figures to bolster best-seller claims. General Motors hits back hard with telling Canada-wide statistics.

Ford and GM slug it out in the newspapers

WE'RE NOT BLUFFING! WE HAVE THE CARS

Brand New 1954 **\$1795** (including Licence, Gasoline, Spare Tire)

FORDS \$350.00 DOWN METEORS \$60.00 MONTHLY CHEVS

STONEY'S Car Market Ltd.

1211 BAYVIEW AVE. (at Midland) TEL. 4-1111

Why GM's Sales Leadership is Important to You

Here's what you can be sure of...Canada-wide sales for the first quarter of 1954

GENERAL MOTORS.....	34,687
FORD.....	28,874
CHRYSLER.....	12,291

Sales leadership is simply public preference based upon the quality of the product and the reputation of the manufacturer.

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • CHRYSLER • DODGE • RAMPTON

NO DEPRECIATION ON NEW FORDS, MONARCHS

Elgin Motors (Inc.) "NO DEPRECIATION" Sale will continue until Sept. 18 giving the Toronto motorist an opportunity of buying a 1954 Ford or Monarch which he may drive until delivery of his 1955 model. ALL NO DEPRECIATION.

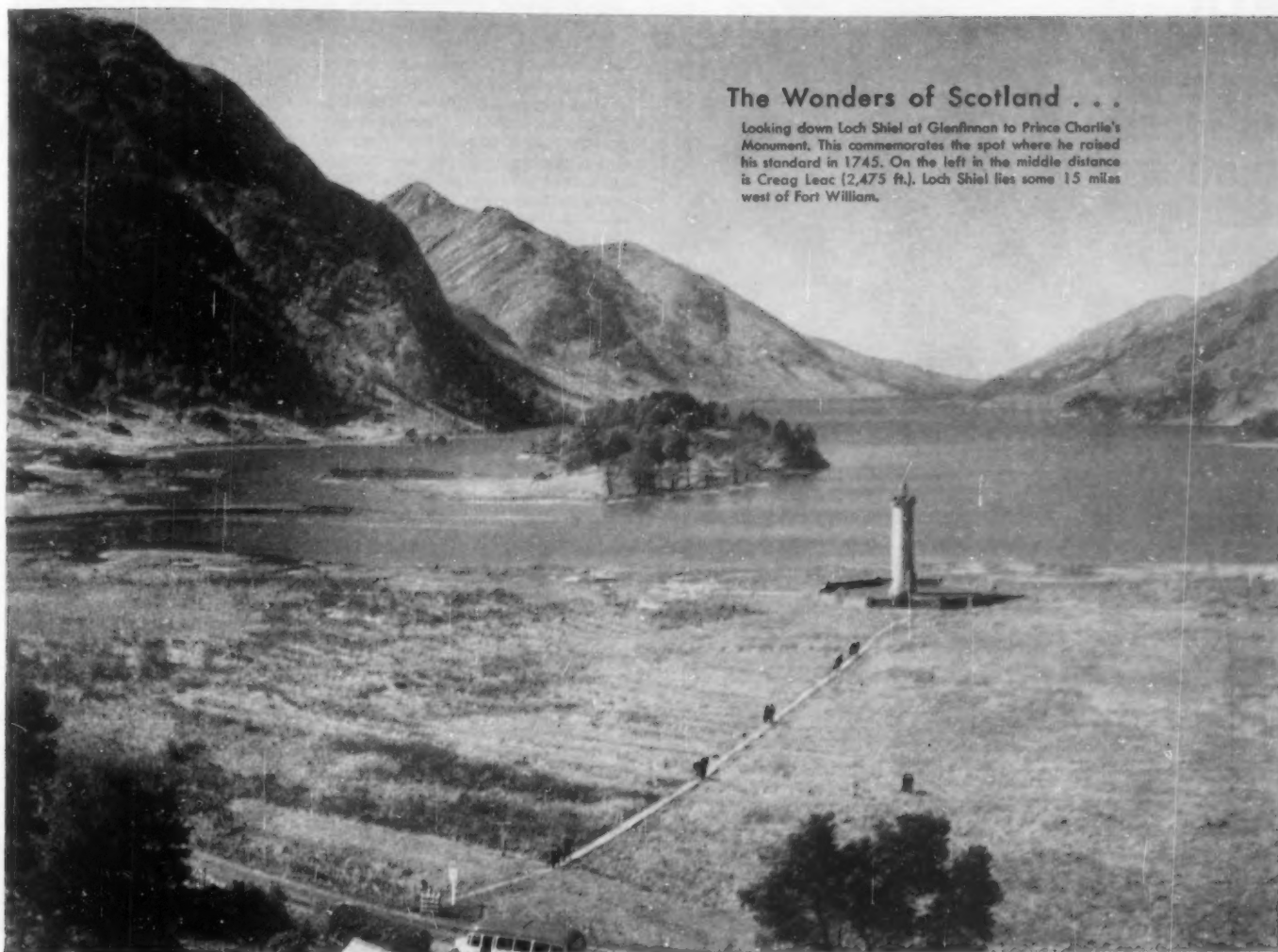
Examples of "ELGIN DEALS"	
<p>You buy a 1954 Ford Mustang (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1954 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1955 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1956 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1957 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1958 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1959 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1960 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p>	<p>You buy a 1954 Monarch (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1954 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1955 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1956 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1957 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1958 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1959 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p> <p>Depreciation for year 1960 (plus dealer's 10% fee)</p>

123 FRONT ST. WEST (at Bayview) TEL. 4-2125

ELGIN FORD

VOLUME SELLING SAVES YOU MONEY!

At the retail level, Toronto marts trade punches. Many customers went dizzy trying to figure out which deal really cost them less.



The Wonders of Scotland . . .

Looking down Loch Shiel at Glenfinnan to Prince Charlie's Monument. This commemorates the spot where he raised his standard in 1745. On the left in the middle distance is Creag Leac (2,475 ft.). Loch Shiel lies some 15 miles west of Fort William.

Photographed by W. S. THOMSON



The Oldest Name in Scotch

Famous for over 300 Years

Don't be Vague... SAY

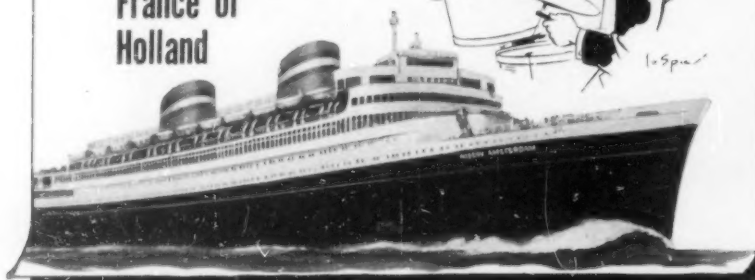
Haig & Haig

SCOTCH WHISKY

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

33-H

You'll be entertained royally on your Holland-America Line crossing to Ireland, England, France or Holland



Regular sailings from New York to SOUTHAMPTON—LE HAVRE—ROTTERDAM by NIEUW AMSTERDAM, MAASDAM and RYNDAM. Or sail direct to ROTTERDAM by deluxe one-class motor-twins WESTERDAM and NOORDAM. Monthly service by MAASDAM or RYNDAM to COBH, IRELAND. See your Travel Agent.

SPECIAL SAILING FROM MONTREAL—RYNDAM JUNE 25—Minimum fare \$175 Tourist Class, with virtual run-of-ship privileges.

IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP!



Holland-America Line

MONTREAL: The Laurentien, Dominion Square, Montreal 2, P. Q.
WINNIPEG: Room 405, Royal Bank Building, Winnipeg 2, Man.
TORONTO: 38 Melinda Street, Toronto 1, Ontario
VANCOUVER: 591 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B. C.

MACLEAN'S NOW ON SALE EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

Canada's National Magazine — read by over 1 1/2 million Canadians



THE SPORTSMAN SHOE
THE SPORTSMAN SHOE
THE SPORTSMAN SHOE
THE SPORTSMAN SHOE
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THE SPORTSMAN SHOE
THE SPORTSMAN SHOE
THE SPORTSMAN SHOE
THE SPORTSMAN SHOE
THE SPORTSMAN SHOE
THE SPORTSMAN SHOE

Ask the fellows at the 19th hole! No other shoe combines all three: smart good looks, true comfort and sure turf grip. The first step to improve your game is to step into a pair of SPORTSMAN golf shoes! Wear SPORTSMAN Shoes for that "wonderful feeling"!



wonderful feeling playing golf in SPORTSMAN shoes

Sportsman
SHOES FOR MEN

The SPORTSMAN Shoe
\$12.95 to \$20

LUDGER DUCHAINE INC., QUEBEC, CANADA

"This is the hottest sales competition in history—worse than the Depression"

would emerge. The newspaper carried daily progress reports, arranged to have the vital instant caught by five stop-watches wired to the Dominion Observatory in Ottawa—the supreme court of clocks—and combed through more than 400,000 coupons. The winner, a seventy-four-year-old woman who couldn't drive, sold the car.

Just as Ford got back into production for 1955, the results of the 1954 Ford-Chev race were released. A compilation of new-car registrations in Canada showed Chev again the winner—60,815 to 54,126.

In the U. S. both Ford and Chev claimed to have won. Chev quoted total registration figures which placed it ahead by a scanty 17,013 cars (1,417,453 to 1,400,440). Ford retorted that Chev had stuffed the ballot box by registering more than fifty-five thousand unsold cars in dealers' names. Ford had only registered thirteen thousand unsold cars this way so it insisted it had won the race by upwards of twenty-five thousand. Such contradictions are common in the auto industry. This year, for example, Dodge and Buick are arguing over who first came out with the three-tone car.

Power Brakes for a Dollar

With the two contenders neck and neck, the sales race has roared on through the spring of 1955. While Nugget Gold, Glacier Blue and Sea Green Mist autos were streaming from the factories, dealers' brains were racked for new ways to sell them.

Elman Motors in Sydney, N.S., offered "practically any terms to suit your convenience," plus free life, accident and hospitalization insurance. City Buick-Pontiac in Toronto advertised Pontiacs for \$2,139; for one dollar extra buyers could get any two of such features as directional signals, radio, power steering, power brakes and white-wall tires. Motorists in Hamilton found notes fixed to the windshields of their parked autos reading, "This car and only \$12 a week will get you a new Ford at Wentworth Motors." In British Columbia, where some dealers were still trying to unload leftover '54 models at as much as eight hundred dollars off the list price, F. W. Sherwood, president of the Vancouver Auto Dealers' Association, declared, "This is the hottest sales competition in history—even tougher than depression days."

In the Toronto Telegram of March 11, Hillcrest Motors offered '55 Fords—suggested price, \$2,200—at \$1,895, with terms of \$195 down and \$58 monthly. In the same issue Elgin Motors offered the same car on the same terms for \$45 less. And Wood-Larkin Motors—"Nobody Undersells Mr. Wood and Mr. Larkin"—advertised the same car at \$1,775, with \$175 down and \$55 a month.

Are too many cars being marketed in Canada today?

"The fact that there's a price war is all the proof you need that there are more cars around than we can sell at a firm price," says Howard Moore, managing director of FADA.

Others disagree, notably James Cooke, an independent who is president of the Toronto dealer group. "I don't think this give-away rat race has produced one new buyer," he says. "If it hadn't started we'd be selling the same number of cars."

All the same, when half the thousand-man working force at Studebaker-Packard's Hamilton plant was laid off last summer, the president, D. C. Gaskin, told the men the reason was overproduction by the giants of the industry. Studebaker-Packard's president in the U. S., Paul Hoffman, has made similar charges which Big Three officials are inclined to dismiss as the wails of a jealous competitor. "The market," says Rhys M. Sale, Ford's Canadian president, "is what we—the factories and the dealers—can make it."

Gaskin of Studebaker has more recently warned that unless the Big Three "realize there's a limit to the market" there'll be greater layoffs in the automobile industry in 1955. It is these perennial layoffs, sparked by heavy production schedules early in the year, that have brought about organized labor's demand for a guaranteed annual wage—a demand it hopes to enforce first in the auto industry.

Meanwhile the race continues. So far the real winner is the consumer, who's become as shrewd as a horse trader. "Today's buyers are only interested in promoting a deal," says James Cooke. "Why, if I advertised a bargain on chartrouse hearses, within an hour some sharp customer would be in to tell me about some other dealer who's offered him a chartrouse hearse for fifty dollars less—with white-wall tires." ★



The Man who Bought The Globe and Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

contributions to such works and suggest even ten percent of their incomes; I further request them to remain united in their transactions and live in harmony together."

In true Scottish fashion, the Senator was founding a dynasty. The "children," then in their late twenties and thirties, followed his instructions to the letter. They remained united in their transactions, charitable and financial, keeping the fortune intact, making it one of the largest, most potent accumulations of wealth in Canada.

Colin, the eldest, is a tall thin man who married the daughter of Charles E. Frost, Montreal's late pharmaceutical magnate. Kindly and scrupulous, Colin will uncomplainingly hand over fifty thousand dollars to charity and change a quarter to tip a hat-check girl. He sits in his father's seat at the Canadian Import Company, the centre of the Webster fuel empire. A tangled skein of subsidiaries sells coal and oil as far west as Vancouver.

Stuart, the second brother, heads St. Lawrence Stevedoring, their profitable coal-handling company. Richard, the fourth brother, an aggressive businessman, runs the Quebec City branch of Canadian Import and keeps an eye on St. Lawrence Tankers, owned in partnership with Imperial Oil. Eric, the youngest, a redhead, helps direct (but doesn't boss) J. S. Mitchell and Company in Sherbrooke, Que., which sells hardware, wholesale and retail, and coal and mining and mill supplies. Both Stuart and Eric are said to be as interested in their Eastern Townships farms as in business. John H. Taylor, who married Marian Webster, heads the F. P. Weaver Coal Company, with headquarters in Toronto.

The profits from all these companies and from investments flow into the coffers of Imperial Trust, their private holding company. Imperial is guided by R. (for Reginald) Howard Webster, new owner of the Globe, third son, and like his father, a master craftsman of commerce.

Once a year the Websters meet to discuss the ramifications of an empire in coal, oil, furs, lumber and consumer goods that touches every province and state on both sides of the border. To the world, the Websters present a united and somewhat self-conscious façade, but behind closed doors in their annual meeting they drop their inhibitions and fight out their differences. They look to Colin as head of the family, but in finance they usually give the last word to Howard, whose daring skill has parlayed the family fortune into the big time.

As managing director of Imperial Trust, Howard manages the money. He plans the financing of new Webster enterprises and advises on new Webster holdings. These are reckoned to total more than \$100 millions, perhaps as much as \$200 millions. As one Montreal trust-company executive remarks, "Imperial does more business just for the Webster family than our company does for the public."

Like all the Websters, who shudder at the thought of their name in print, Howard has a talent for anonymity. In the Globe and Mail deal—he purchased the newspaper for himself and not as the representative of his family—even his executive secretary, Raymond S. Denton, didn't know in advance of Webster's plans.

As an added precaution, and because his decision to buy was a fast one, he

put in his offer just forty-five minutes before the bidding closed, and next day, Friday, arrived back in the family home, in which he is the only Webster left, in time to catch a long-distance call from Toronto. Globe trustee Henry Langford was calling to tell him he now owned the paper.

"I think we might keep the news quiet till Monday," Langford said.

"If you want the Globe to get it first you'd better not," Webster told him. A few minutes later the phone began to ring. The unsuccessful bidders had been notified and the news was getting around. Webster called the Globe's editor-in-chief, Oakley Dalgleish, told him he planned no staff changes, took the phone off the hook, went up to his bedroom, and as usual began to leaf through several weeks' accumulation of magazines, financial papers and company reports.

An hour later reporters and photographers began to crowd into his spacious front hall, lined like the rest of the house with the Senator's collection of Dutch and English masters in massive gold frames.

Since he hadn't given an interview to his own paper Webster had no intention of giving other papers anything. "I'm not coming down," he told his Finnish houseman, who, with his wife, takes care of the three-story red-brick house. Among the people turned away was John McConnell, publisher of the Montreal Star, who had called to welcome Webster into the fourth estate. Webster apologized to McConnell next morning.

Advice in the mailbag

Webster, in truth, had been too busy to realize fully what buying the Globe would do to his cherished privacy. In the previous few weeks he had been in Miami for a directors' meeting of U. S. Radiator, which operates a chain of nine factories. He had visited Los Angeles and San Diego to look over two of his real-estate holdings. He had stopped off in Louisiana and Texas to see his partners in Southwest Lumber. He'd hurried on to Kansas City for a meeting of Central Coal and Coke. As a guest of Gene Tunney, former heavyweight champion and a business crony of his, he'd taken time out to attend a dinner of the Alfalfa Club in Washington, at which President Eisenhower was also a guest. Then he wound up conferences in Detroit (furs, real estate and chemicals) in time to spend a day in Toronto asking questions about the Globe.

The sudden glare of publicity when he bought the paper caught him off guard. He was slightly overwhelmed by the flood of mail: people seeking jobs, handouts, backing for inventions. But he was impressed by the number of sound suggestions for improving the Globe's readability, and he was moved by the number of people who simply wished him luck, from Charlie Peters, vice-president of the Montreal Gazette, who wired: "Glad to see you've bought second-best paper in Canada," to the man who sent two bottles of headache tablets with the comment, "I don't know who you are, but if you've got a sense of humor, you'll be all right."

To dispel any impression that he was "a man of mystery," as the frustrated newspapers had labeled him, Webster granted a belated interview to Montreal newsmen in the offices of Imperial Trust, his St. James Street headquarters.

Reporters waited in his grey-carpeted office, comfortable but unostentatious, until Webster broke from a meeting to greet them. They saw an amiable hefty six-footer, an athlete gone a little to seed, with strong, fresh-col-

"... when it comes to cigars ..."



I believe in buying quality in everything. When it comes to cigars I follow the same principle. That's why I always buy House of Lords. They're the finest ... in quality, flavour and aroma.

HOUSE OF LORDS Cigars

GOLD STRIPE • CORONA DE LUXE • PETIT CORONAS • LILIES • QUEENS • PANETELAS



"A job like mine takes it out of you"

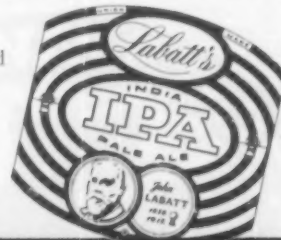


"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in," says Joseph Porelle, Toronto, Ont.

Your first bottle will prove it . . .

IPA's a man's ale! Here's the BIG body and flavour you've been looking for in ale. Joseph Porelle has a man-size job, and man-size tastes. His ale is Labatt's IPA. Make it yours, too.

Enjoyed an IPA lately? Be sure to order it next time . . . IPA's the ale that satisfies the man in you!



THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO LABATT'S

WHEN YOU GO TO BED Soothe your tired eyes

WITH A 2-DROP BATH OF MURINE



Before you close your eyes in sleep, soothe and relax them... wash away the tiredness of the day with just two drops of Murine in each eye. Murine is gentle as a tear, so use it as often every day as your eyes feel tired. Murine makes your eyes feel good.



MURINE
for your eyes



For Chafing



THE VASELINE BRAND IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF PURITY

Promotes Healing



THE FIRST AID KIT IN A JAR



at all fine shoe repairers

Webster stalks "special situations," capturing corporations for the family

ored, heavily handsome features below a thinning thatch of grey hair. He displayed his sense of humor by laughing heartily at a reporter's suggestion that he was "a mysterious figure." But, in spite of his obvious wish to be thought co-operative, he gave no new information as to why he had bought the Globe and no new clues as to the kind of publisher he would be.

Indeed, he didn't quite know. Besides, he is personally modest and professionally reticent. He manages to keep his name out of Montreal's social columns. He avoids parties. He's a little shy with women and uneasy in a crowded drawing room. He takes an occasional social drink, but only because he found that he couldn't go to a party in his honor in the U. S. and nurse a glass of water all evening.

"He's happy to drop out to the house for dinner," says his friend and legal adviser, T. P. Howard. "We sit around and chew the fat, then he barges off home in time to get up early for work. But if I tell him I'm having a cocktail party, he'll say, 'Well, I'll get there if I can,' but I know he won't show up, unless he thinks it's important to me."

He is much more at home in a conference room, which he usually dominates. He outlines his position concisely, without notes, listens poker-faced to other viewpoints and then states his opinion forcefully. "People listen to him," says a fellow director. "He knows his companies from the shipping room up."

The scope of his operations covers most of the U. S. and would drive most executives to nervous prostration. "I've seen him chair three meetings at once," says Howard, "and never once lose his train of thought. He gets one meeting rolling, gives it something to chew over, then he ducks into another one. He's like one of those champion chess players who take on a bunch of opponents at once."

His business associates say his capacity for work is astounding, but Webster himself says, "I don't work as hard as some people I know." This disparity of views is probably explained by the fact that business, his only love, has few rivals for his attentions.

He seldom uses the tennis court in his back yard or the billiard room in the basement, and he cocks an eye only occasionally at television. He no longer has time to join his boyhood chums in badminton or squash, which used to be a regular part of his routine. The people he sees most often today are business friends with whom he can kick around a deal at the same time he's soaking up sun on a southern beach between board meetings.

Showpiece trinkets like yachts, private planes and chauffeur-driven Cadillacs leave him unmoved. He drives a medium-priced car, dresses in plain blues or browns, and doesn't know what it's like to look enviously at a shop window.

He has little interest in music, books or any of the arts except the theatre, which is far from being a passion with him. His favorite dramatist is the late George Bernard Shaw, whom he probably admires for the quality of his logic.

Business is his work, his recreation ("I like to travel") and his hobby ("You meet all kinds of people in business. I like to sit down and talk to them"). He can talk engrossingly on such topics as lumber, oil, furs, real estate, chemicals, electronics, pens and

boilers, and he will no doubt soon be adding newspapers to his repertoire.

He talks in a slow pleasant baritone, his big frame relaxed. He doesn't brag and he seldom loses his temper. But he relishes the intricacies and excitements of his calling. For while Colin, orthodox and cautious, safeguards the Webster holdings in familiar Canadian board rooms, Howard roves the wilder reaches of U. S. business, stalking "special situations," capturing corporations, carrying the frontiers of empire far afield.

The physical preparation he had for this sort of rough-and-tumble was first-string hockey and football at Montreal's Lower Canada College, second-string at McGill University, competitive tennis and badminton, and the university's 1930 intercollegiate championship golf team. Though he also dabbled with indoor shooting and squash, he managed to turn in better-than-average papers for his B.A. After a year at Babson Business College in Massachusetts, and a round-the-world cruise on the Empress of Britain with his family, he settled down late in 1933 in the proving ground of Imperial Trust.

Acting on the sink-or-swim principle, Senator Webster tossed Howard immediately into deep financial water. "You must have learned something in school," the Senator said, "see if you can find out what's wrong with Holt Renfrew."

"Mink Eat Too Much"

Webster, himself, didn't come up with a cure for Holt Renfrew, a fur company the Senator helped found, headed, and of which Webster is still a director. But in studying the fur business, he came across Annis Furs, a smooth-running Detroit company with excellent earnings but too little capital. He persuaded his father to buy it.

When young Webster moved in as managing director, commuting between Detroit and Montreal, a tremor of perturbation ran through the six-story Annis building. The hierarchy were not unnaturally anxious about their jobs.

Webster sensed the unrest and called in the sales manager, the late C. R. J. Sullivan. "What's the matter?" he asked Sullivan, who had been with Annis for years, "Don't you like it here?"

"Of course," said Sullivan, taken aback, "but I—I was worried—"

"That's just fine," said Webster, "because I like you all here."

That was their total conversation. Annis, founded in 1876, is now one of the two or three biggest fur companies in the United States. Its wholesale buyers cover the country. It owns and leases fur departments in U. S. department stores and operates several department stores of its own. The Websters own it outright.

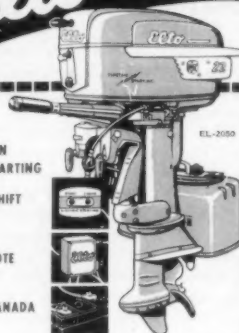
In the Thirties, acting for his father who was getting a little weary of traveling around, Webster bought into Sudbury Diamond Drilling when that company first drilled the fabulous Steep Rock iron mines, then sold out at a profit. He took over a big mink farm in Chicoutimi, which he still owns, though this venture didn't prove especially profitable ("They eat too much and don't grow big enough").

He acquired a reputation as a man who would "look at anything." When

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mouton (sheared lamb) came out in the Thirties he was one of a group that tried to corner the market. They bought up all the Uruguayan sheep they could get their hands on. Unfortunately, they paid three dollars for skins worth a dollar. Then it turned out that Latin America had more sheep than they had counted. As a final touch, they realized they had bought the wrong kind of mouton. Webster wasn't around for this crowning disillusionment. Scenting danger, he had unloaded just before the market flopped.

He showed an early talent for spotting a "situation"—a company that can be bought cheap, built up with money and skill, then sold high. This takes some hard clear thinking on how a company's assets relate to its earning power and what Webster calls the "growth factor," which is simply a question of selling more and more of the company's product, but which in



HAGLE'S

practice may depend on such hard-to-guess factors as whether tension will increase in Formosa. "You study the books," says Webster. "You listen to a lot of people. Then you have to have lots of luck. You can weigh a hundred things and you can be right on ninety-eight. If the other two are wrong, you can be caught out on a limb."

Webster's feeling for the tricky growth factor was evident in 1936, when he bought into the U. S. company, Claude Neon Lights. He won control in a management fight, then cleaned up when the neon-sign boom developed into the even bigger fluorescent-lighting boom. He sold out in 1941 in the nick of time, before wartime blackouts sent the stock plummeting down. He nimbly re-invested in Walker & Company, an outdoor advertising firm that did so well during the wartime power shortage that when Webster sold out at the war's end the firm had enough back orders to keep it busy for three years.

By the time the Senator died in 1941 son Howard was ready to branch out, eager to prove what he could do entirely on his own. "He didn't make many bloopers, but the ones he made were dillies," says a business friend of that period. One of his dillies was to back a musical comedy. With Mary Martin

playing the lead, he hoped to take Broadway by storm.

It was quite a blow to find that Mary Martin wasn't in it. In spite of gags by S. J. Perelman and lyrics by Ogden Nash, the show folded in Philadelphia, where they fired the leading man. "We thought he had a cold, but he just couldn't sing," says Webster. Webster didn't lose his shirt, but it cost him a fancy button. He has since shied away from propositions he can't analyze.

One thing led to another. He invested in an oil-drilling company (since sold) in Dallas, Tex. Then he found that his customers weren't paying their drilling bills until their wells came in, if they ever did. Since drilling costs could run as high as a quarter-million dollars, Webster decided he might as well be gambling himself. He took his fees in a part interest in the wells, and soon was (and still is) deep in the oil business.

After the war he bought a big chunk of Central Coal & Coke, which owns twenty-three oil wells in Louisiana and Texas and has coal reserves in the central states of two hundred and ten million tons. About the same time he picked up Southwest Lumber in Arizona, an amalgam of logging camps, three lumber mills, and seventy-two miles of wholly owned railroad. Webster pumped in new capital and jumped production from sixty-seven million board feet in 1945 to a hundred and twenty million last year. He recently sold control to a Texas firm, Edens-Birch Lumber. He thinks Edens-Birch is smart enough to look after his interests, giving him more time to concentrate on two vast new lumber projects in the taller timbers of Oregon and Washington.

On all his timberlands, reforestation is under way. Conservation is close to his heart. In what the Wildlife Management Institute calls "the R. Howard Webster program," six students are studying wild fowl and marsh grasses in Alberta and Manitoba. Their studies may take years but as Denton, his executive secretary, says: "He's willing to give things time."

He is not so patient when things are going wrong. For example, he ousted the top-ranking officers of the Michigan Chemical Company and the Northeastern Fire Insurance Company of Hartford. "He doesn't look for a fight," says Howard, his lawyer, "but when he thinks that somebody's doing the company no good, he can be tough."

Webster made it fairly clear that he could be tough when he wrested control of Eversharp Incorporated from its founder, Martin Straus II. The pen company's sales had been riding high (\$46 millions) in 1946 when Straus bought control of the plants that made the Schick Injector razor. Unluckily for Straus, along with the razor, he also acquired Webster, Schick's largest shareholder.

Webster wasn't happy about Eversharp, which he suspected wasn't in very sound shape. But before he got around to selling shares, they began to drop rapidly on the stock market and Webster found he couldn't get out without losing close to a million dollars.

What happened was that Straus had bet Eversharp's bank roll on a ball-point pen just as the ball-point boom was slackening. Webster was not favorably impressed. He set out to take over the management.

Studying the company, Webster decided that what Eversharp needed was to get the emphasis back on Schick and their standard pens and pencils. He convinced the other directors he was right. They stripped president Straus of control of everything but the company's advertising.

Straus then held up Eversharp's



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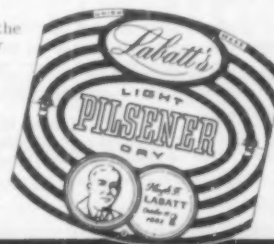


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Webster won't "just let the Globe sit there." He may even move to Toronto

annual meeting as long as he could while he tried to muster support among the shareholders. But when the show-down finally came in July 1949, he had only 200,000 votes to Webster's 715,379. Straus was out of a job at Eversharp.

Webster is still the biggest shareholder in Eversharp, which has factories in Chicago, Clinton, Iowa, Los Angeles, Bridgeport, Conn., Niagara Falls and Toronto, and sells the Schick razor through thirty thousand outlets. As chairman of the executive committee, Webster now controls the company.

In all his deals he looks well ahead. Three years ago he bought the million-dollar Discanso Gardens, near one of Los Angeles' satellite towns, called, appropriately, La Canada. The Gardens' show place, a breathtaking expanse of camellias and other exotic blooms, has just been sold to the County of Los Angeles. This provides a steady market for the Gardens' nursery, which Webster has kept to carry the costs until the big city grows out to meet him. Then he'll own some high-priced real estate.

"You Make People Happy"

Near Detroit he owns three thousand acres that he thinks will someday have a lot of houses on them, and last year he bought a ranch twenty-five miles north of San Diego, in fast-growing southern California. He is planting alfalfa and alligator pears to pay for his holdings until San Diego moves next door to the ranch. He doesn't think it will take more than twenty-five years.

Everything that Webster is or wants to be he expresses or looks for in business. Business is a way of life, a reason for existence. He has wealth enough to do anything or buy anything he wants, and mindful of this, a friend from college days once asked him, "Why, Howard? Why go on getting deeper into business?"

Webster looked faintly surprised. "Well, what else would you do?" he asked.

He isn't an introspective man. When he probes his own motives he frowns over the unaccustomed exertion. "It's not the money itself," he says slowly, "you're trying to build something. You're figuring how to grow more trees and how to use the waste and that takes you into chemicals. You try to make the company run better and that makes the people you work with happy and helps a lot of other people too. I'd say it's the accomplishment."

The pattern of his deals seems to bear him out. It is true he is active in Eversharp but he ruefully lists pen companies among "things not to get into—things that depend on razzle-dazzle advertising, where you have to steal the market from someone else." Apart from these "special situations," the companies he personally guides are in lumber, oil, furs and real estate, all natural resources, all "growth situations," things he expects to live with a long time.

In 1952 Webster, acting for the Webster family, bought the Penobscot Building, Detroit's tallest skyscraper, for \$17,500,000. One day later he turned down an offer that would have netted him a million dollars. If he sold the forty-seven-story skyscraper today, Detroit businessmen think he would clear five millions. They think he's

hanging on with an eye to the St. Lawrence Seaway, which could make Detroit one of the world's great ports. "Webster presents a challenge to us," a leading Detroit stockbroker says, "both to match his own vision and that of other Canadians who appear to be beating us to the punch, at least where the seaway is concerned."

In Canada the No. 1 question is: what was Webster's vision in buying the Globe and Mail? His bid on the paper, like his bid on the Penobscot, seemed to have been made on the spur of the moment.

"That's only because he acts so fast," says Denton, his executive secretary. "Those of us who know him realized he wanted to own a good office building for years. Well, he's always wanted to own a good newspaper. Knowing him as I do, I know he won't just let it sit there."

There's more than speculation in the view that Webster may be considering shifting the heart of his operations from Montreal to Toronto. He may even become a resident of Toronto. Since he bought the Globe friends have heard him say that Ontario is the province of the future and Toronto the city of the future.

The Globe is a personal purchase, the family isn't in it, and significantly, Webster seems to be clearing his decks for action. Before he bought the Globe he was approached by a Montreal firm, which planned to build a brand-new city of thirty thousand people on Nun's Island, only a mile from downtown Montreal. The island, now owned and farmed by a Roman Catholic monastery, could make its promoters millions of dollars. Webster was one of the few men big enough to shove such a deal through. He took an option, then let it go just ten days after he bought the Globe.

"It might be compromising if the St. Lawrence Seaway comes up," he explains. "They might be looking for a place to put a power station. I wouldn't want to put the paper in a position where it couldn't take a stand."

Unlike the former owner, the late George McCullagh, Webster has no ink in his veins and doesn't profess to have. But he admits that a paper as powerful as the Globe has a certain magnetism. "You could maybe make it more national," he muses, "maybe more international—we're pretty close to the States. It might help in getting some thoughts across about lower tariffs."

He is well aware that the Globe's past proprietors were influential politically. "Politics depends on people, you've got to get the right people," he reflects, still thinking out loud. "The Liberals have done a wonderful job. But I'm more of a Conservative."

The parallel between the Penobscot Building and the Globe casts additional light on his future as a publisher. Checking the Penobscot's books, he saw it was only ninety-two percent rented. He reckoned he could push that up to ninety-nine percent, and he has. "I figure Detroit's going to grow," he says, "and the Penobscot is Detroit's finest building."

Webster also thinks that Canada will grow and that the Globe is Canada's finest paper. But not so fine that he can't boost its circulation. "The afternoon papers have called me a man of mystery," he said at a Globe party in his honor, "I hope there will be no mystery about our goals." ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

"If a orders, and you have to leave," Constable Chabrand said.

In all this, no violence or injury was inflicted on the visiting minister or any of his flock. They were, however, moved by physical force and against their will.

No charge was laid against any of them, then or later. The constables took away the Bibles, hymn books and pamphlets and sent them to Montreal to be impounded as "evidence." It was never explained against whom or what the evidence was being held, but the books were not returned.

The incident came into court when Eugénie Chaput, in whose home the service was held, sued the three provincial constables for five thousand dollars damages. He said they had acted without lawful authority in interfering with his rights as a citizen in the privacy of his own home. The three constables pleaded that they had acted in obedience to the orders of a superior officer. In the Quebec Superior Court this was accepted as a sufficient defense, and Chaput's action for damages was dismissed. The Quebec Court of Appeal unanimously upheld the trial judge.

Exactly what the superior orders were is not recorded. The constables' testimony varied somewhat on this point—sometimes they were sure they had been ordered to break up the meeting, sometimes they were merely to "keep law and order and prevent any trouble." The superior officer who issued the orders was not called as a witness by either side.

What is absolutely clear, though, is that the provincial constables thought they were simply enforcing the law. As one of them testified, "Jehovah's Witnesses are illegal in the Province of Quebec." He wasn't exactly sure what law made them illegal—"that's got nothing to do with me"—but he was patently sincere in thinking that any meeting of Jehovah's Witnesses in Quebec was a breach of public order. It is almost equally clear that the trial judge was inclined to agree. Quebec's Freedom of Worship Act was recently amended for the express purpose of making it easier to suppress Jehovah's Witnesses; it is not mentioned in the Chaput case but its spirit and its constitutional validity are obviously involved.

THE SUPREME COURT of Canada has already indicated that it regards the Chaput case as one of capital importance. The court has taken the unusual step of inviting provincial and federal governments to intervene and make submissions on the constitutional issue involved. Some provinces, including Quebec, have accepted the invitation. If the federal government does

not appear, Supreme Court judges will ask to know why.

Interesting as it will be to see which side the various governments take, the main interest will centre on the judgment of the Supreme Court itself. This is the first time that the freedom of worship issue has been faced by the Supreme Court as it is now constituted.

When the question first came up, in October, 1966, it came up in a different form, and before a slightly different court.

In that case, *Jehovah's Witnesses*, had been arrested under a Quebec City bylaw that forbade the distribution of circulars in the city streets without the permission of the chief of police. The Witnesses contended that the bylaw was *ultra vires* of the municipal and provincial governments because it encroached upon the freedom of worship. Quebec City pleaded that the bylaw was not an infringement of civil liberty but a mere traffic regulation to prevent the obstruction of sidewalks.

When the case reached the Supreme Court of Canada, it elicited not two but four separate judgments from the nine judges.

Four of the nine upheld *Jehovah's Witnesses*; they declared that the bylaw did indeed infringe upon the freedom of worship, that this and other basic freedoms were indeed matters of federal jurisdiction, and that the bylaw was therefore invalid. They said the judgments against *Jehovah's Witnesses* in the Quebec courts should be quashed.

Four of the nine, including all three French-speaking judges from Quebec, decided for two different sets of reasons that the bylaw was a traffic regulation and that therefore it was within the powers of the municipality. They said the judgments against the Witnesses should be upheld.

The remaining judge who broke the tie was Mr. Justice Kerwin, now Chief Justice of Canada. Mr. Justice Kerwin agreed with those who would quash the judgment that the bylaw was no mere traffic regulation, but an encroachment on the freedom of worship. However, he did not agree that freedom of worship and other civil liberties were matters of federal jurisdiction. He thought they were purely provincial, an aspect of "property and civil rights in the province."

Mr. Justice Kerwin did agree that the bylaw was invalid, but only for a particular reason. There was another, older statute called the Freedom of Worship Act, passed by the Quebec Legislature soon after Confederation. The municipal bylaw violated this provincial statute, and was therefore void. But the Province of Quebec had power to amend the statute to restore the bylaw's validity. This amendment has since been passed.

This judgment left the real issue of civil liberty in the air. Only four judges, one short of a majority, had declared it to be a federal matter. Four more had not declared themselves clearly on this general issue, though some appeared to think it provincial. One, Mr. Justice Kerwin, had been definite in the view that it was provincial.

But since 1963, the Supreme Court itself has changed. Chief Justice Thibault Rinfret, who thought the Quebec bylaw a mere traffic regulation but who probably would have held civil liberties to be a provincial matter, has retired. His place has been taken by Hon. Douglas Abbott, who has not yet had occasion to record his opinion as a Supreme Court judge on this constitutional issue.

It will be interesting to see how the present Supreme Court lines up. The judgment should be down before summer. ★

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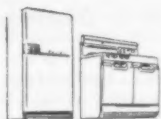
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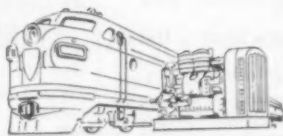
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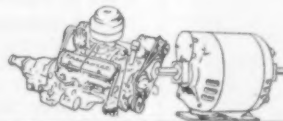
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Mailbag

Is Modern Music Raucous?

For some time I have wondered why it is almost impossible to tune in to an enjoyable program of music. The answer appears in *How the Disk Jockeys Run the Record World* (March 19). There is a reference to a "raucous sort of rhythm." Brother, that's just what the voices are today, and many radios are silent because of them. Beautiful



songs are distorted by the modern mood of singing.—Mrs. S. Austin, Medicine Hat, Alberta.

● June Callwood refers to rhythm-and-blues music as "a type of raucous and pulsing music." This it may be, but please give us that rather than the monotonous oom-pah, oom-pah rhythm of such band leaders as Guy Lombardo.—Joan Mercer, Winnipeg.

The Elusive Jim Flynn

Jim Flynn's Private Army (March 5) is unfair to the Duncan militia. This unit is made up of loggers, lawyers, blacksmiths, farmers, Indians—all dedicate two nights a week because they realize the need of an army that can be mobilized in the face of any aggression or national disaster, such as in 1948 when the Duncan force went to fight the B. C. flood . . .

Fortunately, we have not allowed hand-to-hand combat. We are confident Flynn's ageing army would suffer a great defeat for I recall a fifteen-year-old cadet saying, "Let's fix bayonets, and we'll drive them off the island."

I also recall an exercise at Genoa Bay when the militia was advancing on Flynn's army, but no contact could be made. The rain was coming down by the bucketful; after searching for a considerable time we came to a building from which emanated sounds of rejoicing. There was Flynn's army. His battle cry: "Have a drink—it's too wet to fight."—William F. Luscombe, Cobble Hill, B.C.

A Bill of Rights?

Your editorial (Let's Have a Bill of Rights, March 19) should call forth the approval and support of every thinking Canadian. It voices one of our country's crying needs. Every Canadian should have the protection of a bill of rights if this country is to function as a democracy.

Had we had such a bill in 1942 we would not have deprived Canadian-born Japanese of their property and freedom. A provincial action did that to Canada; a federal law would save other minority groups from such discrimination.

Canada is a federal democracy and so all laws relating to freedom and welfare should be federal and not provincial. We gave only lip service

to the United Nations bill of rights, and it is high time that that, or a similar bill, became Canadian law.—Ella Lediard, Owen Sound, Ont.

● Communists are in favor of a bill of rights; they feel it would suit their interests. This alone should be enough to make any Canadian hesitate to support such a bill. If, under the War Measures Act, persons were held incommunicado, can it be denied that the circumstances demanded such action or that the results justified the action taken? It should be borne in mind that Canada was at war, and this also applied to the postwar Emergency Powers Act with regard to Canadians of Japanese origin.

Human rights and fundamental freedoms are amply protected by existing Canadian laws, and it would be foolish to facilitate or protect the conspiracy of Communism, which is the main threat to our freedoms.—W. B. Smith, Oakville, Ont.

● I heartily agree with your editorial on a bill of rights for Canada, but you overlooked one point. If and when the federal government passes such legislation, it will be the CCF and not Mr. John Diefenbaker who will deserve the credit for the bill. The CCF, since 1932, has incessantly campaigned for such a bill.—John Wilson, Ottawa.

Our Most British City

Beverley Baxter, in his London Letter of March 15, I Would Choose Toronto, has evidently never heard of Victoria, B.C., the most British city in the whole of Canada.—E. R. Patrick, Victoria.

● Sir Beverley B, No Socialist he. Perish the dastardly thought. But a Tory true blue Of deep indigo hue—What's more, he's no friend of the Scot.

More English you'd say, With each passing day, But still claiming to be a Canuck. In the Houses of P Sits Sir Beverley B—Perhaps Viscount, one day, with some luck. —Alexander MacMillan, Lockerby, Ont.

An Old-School Irishman

Bruce Hutchison, in his interesting *Struggle for the Border*, says that Sir Guy Carleton was "an English gentleman of the old school." Undoubtedly Carleton was a gentleman, "of the old school" perhaps; but he was not English. Although married to an English wife, Carleton was born and raised in Ireland.—W. F. Cavanagh, Victoria.

The Year It Rained at Olds

The Year It Didn't Rain (March 19) didn't apply to all the prairies. In 1937 we were farming near Olds, Alta., about sixty miles north of Calgary, and it certainly *did* rain. And it kept on raining in the fall, holding up threshing. But prices were miserable . . . At Olds the price of No. 1 wheat went to twenty

cents a bushel, eggs were four cents Grade A large, and we were offered one dollar each for fat turkeys.

One farmer took a load of barley to town to get money for groceries, but could find no elevator to buy it unless he paid the freight. He didn't like the thought of the long haul back, and offered it at any price. Finally, one buyer agreed to take it if he'd bring a turkey to pay expenses next time he came in. A few days later the farmer appeared at the elevator and handed over a crate containing two turkeys. The elevator man told the farmer one turkey would do. Stammering in embarrassment, the farmer finally blurted, "But I've brought another load of barley!"

Oh, it rained all right in our section! —W. Hinson, Sundre, Alberta.

● It was pretty bad in the Thirties and probably shortened the lives of a few people, but you haven't heard the worst of it.

People kid themselves that they have the dry belt licked. I've done more excavating for Indian relics than any man in Saskatchewan. At one site some of the older occupation layers lie on an old river sand floor, and they're buried by a wall of drift sand just below the sod: that's a relic of a drier period than we know about—anything from 500 to 1,000 years. You've no guarantee that such a period won't return.

What it teaches is that we'd better get busy on a system of irrigation. —Allan J. Hudson, Mortlach, Sask.

● Max Braithwaite refers to 1937 as the driest year the west has ever known. He tells about the gopher burrowing fifty feet in the air . . . Let me tell you it was us old-timers of 1910 who invented dry years in Saskatchewan. That was the date of the gopher story, not 1937. In 1910 I hauled water seven



miles across White Bear Lake, fifty miles north of Swift Current. The lake was then called Dry Lake, and believe me it was dry. Now it has about twelve feet of water.—L. C. Dent, Cochrane, Ont.

● I recall that grasshoppers preferred onions as appetizers; after that came other vegetables and then the grass. I don't recall what they ate when the vegetation was gone. To this day I can't waste a drop of water, complain about too much rain, or enjoy the blowing of the wind.—S. P. Doran, Birtle, Man.

The Flesch Box Score

How many readers' letters, pro and con, did you receive about Dr. Rudolf Flesch's article, *I Say Your Child Can't Read?* (Jan. 1) . . . —Mrs. D. M. Campbell, Lynden, Ont.

Thirty-eight pro; sixteen con.

What Causes Cancer?

This is to commend you for the article about the recent research on cancer (Does Worry Cause Cancer? March 5). I feel that this article has done a signal service in pointing out the connection between emotional disturbances and cancerous growth. There is a great deal to be explored in this field, including the fact that certain spiritual healers have had amazing success with cancer.—W. E. Mann, Toronto. ★

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



THE DOPE CRAZE THAT'S TERRORIZING VANCOUVER

Our report (above) was out Jan. 18. A month later it was "news" in B.C.

Maclean's makes news in Vancouver

WHEN McKenzie Porter went to British Columbia last fall as our west coast editor he began to dig into a story that seemed of major importance: the fantastic amount of dope addiction in Vancouver. Porter's shocking report, *The Dope Craze That's Terrorizing Vancouver*, was published in our Feb. 1 issue and the reaction was spectacular. Porter was interviewed three times on the radio, several MLAs quoted from his article

in the B. C. House, a Senate enquiry was launched into drug addiction, and Vancouver papers began to give front-page prominence, day after day, to the facts Maclean's had published. Meanwhile a kingpin of the drug trade, Michael Sisco, was captured in Mexico. Who was he? Maclean's readers remembered him at once as a central villain in Alan Phillips' article, *The Case of the Drug Peddling Priest*, in the August 15, 1954, issue. ★



To church in a buggy

Summers at Cap à l'Aigle, Que., a sleepy village east of Murray Bay, didn't provide much excitement for artist Franklin Arbuckle and his family, but they left a lasting impression of quiet beauty. He's recaptured it here for our cover. Lolling on his veranda one Sunday morning he sketched this farmer setting out for church in the family buggy.



HOME OF A POET —AND PATRIOT

The beloved poet of the folklore of Scotland, and writer of songs that touch the emotions of good folk the world over, Robert Burns was born in this cottage at Alloway in 1759. Famous for the beauty and simplicity of his poems in Scottish dialect, Burns worked for years to reconstruct and preserve the songs of Scotland for posterity, accepting no recompense, although living in need.

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Grant's Scotch Whisky is the International Label of the house of Grant's, a worthy partner of our Best Procurable, for generations a most respected name in Canada.



TIME WILL TELL



No Mortgage Worries for New Homeowners

New Plan Will Ensure Mortgage is Paid Off!

Last summer, a young couple bought a home in a quiet suburban area for \$15,000. They paid \$5,000 down, with a 20 year mortgage for \$10,000. As things stand, they should have no trouble paying it off.

The husband is taking no chances. He has a Confederation Life Mortgage Insurance

Plan, with a Total Disability Clause. For \$8.31 a month Confederation will pay off his mortgage in case of death. If he becomes disabled, the policy remains in force at no cost to him.

Yes, for less than 1% of your initial mortgage, providing you are under 35, you can protect your family from foreclosure at the time of your death. For further details, write for free booklet, "Not for Sale."

Features of the Confederation Life Plan

1. This Mortgage Insurance Plan may be purchased on a 15, 20 or 25 year basis.
2. The cost reduces in later years.
3. After the mortgage period you may continue the protection at reduced cost, or receive a cash payment.



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AFTER EASTER comes spring—even in Canada. But we are feeling good these days anyway, considering how the Canadian scene has been behaving lately.

There's a horse at Goobies, Newfoundland, that works hard drawing logs for a lumber mill but gets chauffeured to and from work in his owner's truck. If he gets left behind and has to walk the mile home, he sulks for days.

When two rival church groups held simultaneous meetings in opposite ends of the mining community of Malartic, Que., a homebound taxiload from the Woman's Auxiliary of the Anglican church collided head-on with another from the Woman's Association of the United Church. Nobody seriously hurt, thank goodness.

There's a funeral director in the Montreal suburb of Pointe Aux Trembles doing business under his own name which is Sansregret. And to show that life begins in Montreal with even greater cheer than it ends, the Star recently heralded in adjoining birth notices the arrival of two bouncing male citizens named Wilde and Wooley.

...

The Canadian Press recently circulated a feature story on modern trends in education, a roundup of developments in all ten provinces illustrated with a photo from Ottawa of "A group of boys at Devonshire public school . . . seen in action picking up the arts of cooking . . ." This novel scene of a class of apron-clad lads taking domestic science certainly pointed up the story but caused considerable bafflement when it appeared, among other places, in the Ottawa papers. "My son's in



the picture and we all had a good laugh at it," an Ottawa woman called to tell the city editor of the Citizen. "Dad and I laughed, our son laughed and his wife got a big kick out of it too. That cooking class was held nine years ago."

...

Politics is a tough game in the Yukon, but it's clean. One would-be councilor running in the early-spring elections in Whitehorse ran an ad offering to help get supporters to the polls: "For transportation phone any taxi . . . pay your own fare."

The young woman who surreptitiously slipped an egg out of a carton in a Vancouver grocereria recently was no thief. She was an art student bound for class who needed the albumen of one egg to treat a new canvas with—but she was about ready to swap careers after she encountered the cashier. The dialogue ran like



this, the clerk peering at the egg as if it had been laid by an Auk.

"What's this?" . . . "It's an egg."

"I know it's an egg but what about it?" . . . "I want to buy it."

"But you can't buy one egg."

. . . "Why can't I?"

"Because we only sell them by the dozen." . . . "But I don't want a dozen."

The cashier ruled herself out of the argument right then by smacking her bell so sharply she brought two grocereria straw bosses on the run. As the queue of impatient customers grew halfway across the store the straw bosses went into a huddle, then turned on the art student both shaking their heads. Stoney-eyed, she laid the egg in the hand of one of the uncompromising executives, bundled up her art equipment and strode out. Which pretty well settles the fact that you can't buy one egg in at least one Vancouver grocereria but leaves the art student, you and us all wondering the same thing: Were the bosses ever able to find which of all their egg cartons the one egg came from, and restore it . . . or was some other customer's faith in the store shattered upon finding she'd been sold eleven to the dozen?

...

A Canadian living in New York had herself a chuckle when she heard someone on the subway telling a companion about this swell historical novel he was reading about the Plains of Abraham, and the friend replied, "Aw, I'm tired of Biblical stories." She rushed right off and told it at a cocktail party and then at a church social later in the week but she hasn't found an American yet who gets the point.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Drive safely, the life you save may be your own.

How safe are you driving to work?

Safer roads are needed everywhere—but most of all in industrial areas. They'll cost you a lot less than you think.

Too many accidents happen on narrow, crowded highways near industrial plants. People are almost always in a hurry when they're on their way to work or trying to get home. And when drivers are impatient, tired or careless, accidents are almost certain to increase in number.

The chart at the far right, prepared by the State of Connecticut, U. S. A., shows how various types of road affect accident rates. It probably holds true in other areas, including Canada.

Why have your car insurance rates gone up in the last few years? You know the answer. It's largely because of the climbing accident rate. If you're an average Canadian motorist, you pay more for car insurance than you do for highways!

But that's not the only way in which poor roads cost you money. The time you lose, the wear and tear on your car and tires, higher fuel

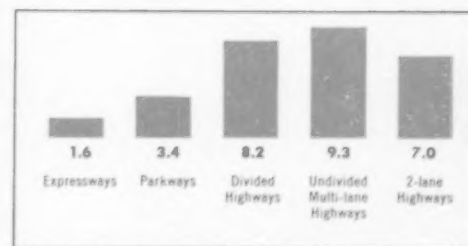
consumption—all these add up to hundreds of dollars a year.

That's why the highway improvement program advocated by your provincial authorities is a money-saving proposition for everybody who drives. A small increase in your gasoline taxes may save you many times its cost.

What can you do about it? First of all, get the facts. Your Minister of the Department of Highways will gladly tell you about the program for needed roads if you write to him at the capital of your province. Then, as an informed citizen, speak out in favor of better highways. It's your own safety that's at stake.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill., U. S. A.

If your organization is interested in seeing "The Perfect Crime," a dramatic motion picture showing the effect of obsolete roads on your pocket-book and safety, write Caterpillar Tractor Co., Box M-4, Peoria, Ill., U.S.A.



Here are the fatality rates on different types of Connecticut roads over an eight-year period. It is based on fatalities per 100,000,000 vehicle miles. The three highest rates are on roads with grade intersections.

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